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ARE WE AS GREAT A COUNTRY AS WE THINK WE ARE?

We have before us a very interesting document, recently emanating from the War Department, entitled "Explorations in the Dacota Country in the year 1855, by Lieutenant G. K. Warren, Topographical Engineer of the Sioux Expedition."

The results which this Report, together with Mr. Owen's great work, and other recent surveys in the western portion of the continent, appear to establish are very striking, and, if true, full of importance in regard to the future destinies of our country.

Lieutenant Warren went up the Missouri River 1478 miles in the steamboat *Clara*, in thirty-nine days, from St. Louis to Fort Pierre, on the Missouri. This is in the Nebraska Territory, latitude 45°, and about one degree south of St. Paul's, in the Minnesota Territory. He then struck down 301 miles in a southerly direction to Fort Kearney, on the Platte River; thence he marched with the army 335 miles northwest, on the Oregon route, to Fort Laramie, on the edge of the Rocky Mountains; thence he struck northeast 383 miles to Fort Pierre again, passing through the famous *Mauvaise Terres*, or Bad Lands of Nebraska; thence he went 274 miles to Sioux City, in Minnesota; and, finally, returned to the settlements—making thus, by land and water, nearly three thousand miles of journey and explorations.

The general conclusions at which Lieutenant Warren arrives are in his own words, as follows: "The portion of Nebraska which I have visited lying north of White River is mostly of a clay formation, and that south of it is sand; but a small portion of it is susceptible of cultivation west of the 97th meridian; the Territory is occupied by powerful tribes of roving savages, and is only adapted to a mode of life such as theirs, and it must long remain an Indian country."

The details of the Report sustain these general results: the Bad Lands, as they are called—exhibiting one of the most extraordinary formations in the world, where the retirement of the water has left little but rocks, and those of a most extraordinary and picturesque character—cover a great valley between the White and the Shyenne rivers; while north of Calamus River, Lieutenant Warren's route passed for sixty miles over barren sand hills, where, he says, "the scenery is silent, desolate, and depressing to the spirits." We have no idea of such land in this part of this world.

Nebraska reaches from latitude 40° to the northernmost boundary of the United States; and the soil of the western part of Kansas is now known to be nearly as light as the sandy portion of Nebraska. Lieutenant Warren says distinctly, "From my observation, I think that continuous settlements can not be made in Nebraska west of the 97th meridian, both on account of the unfavorable climate and want of fertility in the soil." Again, he says that the fine province on the Missouri, at the mouth of Vermilion River, is "about the western limit of agricultural lands." The very interesting and intelligent report of Dr. Haydon, annexed, is full to the same purport. He says (page 70): "The country in the vicinity of Fort Pierre and north toward the Black Hills, though *mostly sterile or entirely barren*, contains some plateaus that are covered with a fine growth of grass." "The region through which the bed of the Shyenne passes is sterile in the extreme. It is cut up by temporary streams into ravines and gullies to a frightful extent; and barren black hills, sometimes producing a few stunted cedars, meet the eye on every side."

Now the result of these facts, if correct, is of a magnitude that can not be exaggerated. The Rocky Mountains are well understood not to be a mere line of mountains, but the edge of a broad mountainous range or sweep of country that stretches from their western limit, to which we have given the name exclusively, to the Pacific, leaving only a narrow strip of available land on the ocean front, and the Territories of Oregon and Washington, or the valley of the Columbia. Utah is understood to be almost uninhabitable, and New Mexico, for the present, we leave out of view.

Lawrence and Lecompton, in Kansas, lie on about the 96th parallel of longitude, so that if the 97th parallel is, according to Lieutenant Warren's opinion, to be the farthest western boundary of continuous agricultural settlements, the truth and fact is, that the population of the United States has, at all events on our parallel of latitude, where the tide has been most steady and active, substantially reached its utmost inland western limit. Minnesota, Washington, Oregon, and the eastern edge of Kansas are the only exceptions, and form the only remaining available portions of that vast domain which we are in the habit of talking of as stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean.

If these facts be true, we shall have to pull in our horns and talk less mellifluously of the future. Where are the elements of the hundred States that, with Oriental magnificence of imagination, we speak of as the future number of the members of the Confederacy?

If all the western parts of Kansas and Nebraska are, in the picturesque language of the French, who have left in their original appellation a trace of the early rule of that great nation, "*Mauvaise Terres*," or "Bad Lands," where are the materials that we had feared or hoped for to keep up an unextinguishable feud about the admission of new Territories as Slave or Free?

If Utah is as hopeless as Kansas and Nebraska, will not the Mormon problem be settled by drought and grasshoppers before the intelligence and power of the Federal Government is compelled to consider the question?

If the lands west of the 97th meridian are valueless for agricultural purposes, what has become of our magnificent territorial domain? How much is left of this treasure once supposed to be inexhaustible?

Last and most important of all: If the eastern edge of Kansas is to be the western inland limit of the United States, what is to be the effect upon our institutions and our Government? Is the escape-valve so soon to be shut down? Is the refluent wave of population to be turned back thus early on the national heart?

These questions are more easily asked than answered. But the prominent fact seems to be that we are not so great a country as we thought we were.

WASHINGTON.

L' homme propose, mais Dieu dispose. This expressive proverb—expressive at once of the fussy activity and the essential feebleness of man, and of the calm and inexorable absolutism of the Great Power above—is not often better exemplified than in the fate and fortunes of the Federal Capital.

The sagacious mind of the immortal *Pater Patriæ* was impregnated with the results of a wide experience, and with a tranquil intelligence that might almost be termed more than human. He knew the condition of the Old World, and he warned us against entangling alliances. He knew our own internal condition, and he cautioned us against geographical and sectional divisions. He had seen the Parisian mob bursting into the Assembly and the Convention, bearing human heads on gory pikes, and clamoring still for blood; and he resolved to fix the seat of the new government where mobs could not get at it—hence the site of Washington.

But the comprehensive eye of the Great Founder of the Republic, sagacious and penetrating as it was in regard to human passions and political arrangements, could not take in the wondrous secrets of nature which a few short years were to develop. He could foresee the Plug-uglies, but he could not anticipate steam, the railroad, or the telegraph. These agents work revolutions more rapidly than any or all political causes; and their result already is that Washington, which, when founded, was a remote, inaccessible country village, is now little else than a suburb of some three or four large cities, and vibrates, from day to day and hour to hour, with all their passions and excitement. *L' homme propose, mais Dieu dispose.*

The consequence of this new state of things is that Washington is full of the most violent and preposterous contradictions. It contains more, and perhaps better, social elements than any other city of the United States. Money, business, cotton, stocks, fade into the dim distance. Power and intelligence are the deities there worshiped, and some of the cleverest and most accomplished people in the world have really time to get together, to try to be agreeable, and to enjoy life. There is more society in Washington in a week than in New York in a year.

On the other hand, independent of the positive invasions of the Plug-uglies from Baltimore, with actual revolvers and unquestionable slung-shot, there is an element of savagery and barbarism in Washington that would not be out of place in the camp of Attila or Alaric. Our large cities pour on it, by railroad, the most excitable and restless portion of their population, while the refluent waves bring back from the farthest confines of the Republic specimens of its wandering children, who stalk along Pennsylvania Avenue like the barbaric heroes of the Niebelungen-Lied, utterly scorning an effeminate civilization, which they neither comprehend nor enjoy.

Such is the Federal city—intelligence and ignorance, refinement and vulgarity, civilization and barbarism, all jumbled together in a strange confusion, which excite in different minds, or, perhaps, in every mind at different times, wonder, admiration, and despair. Add to these various elements the wealth of information accumulated in the great store-houses of the Republic, and the scientific labors that are being elaborated, and the important results evolved by some of the most accomplished men in the world, and Washington presents a panorama, in this country, of unequaled curiosity, interest, and attraction.

We can see now how Rome, without commerce, without manufactures, seated on an insignificant creek, reached the enormous population which she once had. The growth of Washington, and its increasing wealth and luxury, within the last twenty years, are most striking. It is rapidly becoming a great capital. The cockneys of our Northern cities seek it to excite their *blasé* tastes, the planters of the South to get a nearer view of the more active North. Men of fortune are establishing winter residences. Politics draw some into the maelstrom; and Art, with her seductive hand, beckons others.

The Capitol, under the skillful superintendence of one of the most accomplished officers of the army, Captain Meigs, is becoming an object of great attraction. Our Crawford has graced one pediment with lasting proofs of his genius; while, with distinguished good sense, Vernet, the greatest battle-painter of his age, has been invited to commemorate, on the walls of the palace of the nation, the glories of the Revolution. Thus do we, with a large and wise policy, at once foster our own children, and at the same time press into our service the first talent of other lands.

The two great drawbacks from the pleasure of residence in Washington are still to be spoken of: the first is the pecuniary corruption omnipresent in our Legislative Halls, which controls land grants and steamer contracts, and is incarnated in that gigantic corruption-fund the public printing; and which, so long as it furnishes the chief aliment of the official organ, is the most formidable impediment in the way of its independence or usefulness. But corruption exists every where, and if on a larger scale, certainly does not take any more offensive form at Washington than at Harrisburg or Albany.

But the chief curse of Washington, its most detestable abomination, is that of office-seeking; and of this it is difficult to say whether it is more pernicious to the giver or to the asker. It degrades both. It makes a large class of the most active and intelligent of our citizens thriftless beggars; and it destroys all the pleasure, dignity, and independence of the life of the most important public servants. Every day and every hour, in every place, they are pursued by the importunity of applicants for place; every one must be heard, the claims of every one be discussed. The most precious and the most private hours of the day are sacrificed in the discussion of rival claims to the most insignificant offices. The king who would not let the people go was not more troubled with boils, flies, frogs, or lice, than are the Cabinet officers of Washington with applicants for office.

It seems to make no difference whether the President who succeeds is of the same political party with his predecessor or not. The Democracy have just replaced one President by another from their own ranks, and the cry is at once for proscription and rotation in office, precisely as if a chief magistrate of the opposition had been turned out. "*La revolution*," said Vergniaud, "*devore ses enfans.*" The great Democratic family seems blessed with equally infanti-vorous appetites.

It is difficult to believe that the substantial character of the Government can long resist the perturbing influence of this all-embracing application of the famous maxim, "To the victor belongs the spoils." It is very certain that it is fatal to the repose, dignity, comfort, and efficient labor of the great officers of government at Washington.

It has been recently suggested that the executive mansion at Washington should be practically turned into an executive office, where the President should attend during certain hours of the day, for the purposes of business; and that a residence should be provided for him at Georgetown, or in its vicinity.

This suggestion springs from two sources. In the first place, the present position of the White House is unhealthy—in fact the whole city should have been placed on the high ground back of the present city, and not on the low level of the Potomac—and gentlemen who have reached threescore years *non sunt tales quales erant*—they can not expose themselves to malaria, either physical or psychological, with impunity.

In the second place, if the President lived out of the city he would be less exposed to the invasions of the third estate; he would not be placed at all hours in the painful dilemma of either losing his meals and rest and risking his health and life, or, on the other hand, be subjected to the danger of insulting his best friends and most ardent supporters by keeping them on the wrong side of the door. But this is only a very partial emollient. Can any efficient remedy be suggested for the multitudinous evils which result from office-seeking?

WHAT WILL YOU DRINK?

In spite of Maine Laws and Temperance Societies, there is no question more often asked throughout these United States than "What will you drink?" Talk of the Kansas question, the Slavery or Anti-Slavery question, the Nicaragua question, the Trinity Church question, or the Burdell Murder question, and you will find that they are but dry topics in comparison with—if, in fact, they do not always terminate in—that great national question, "What will you drink?" In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred all calls for the previous question, whatever it may be—whether in our national councils or at Tammany Hall, in hotel or place of business—are drowned in the universal summons to drink.

Of course, the proper and moral answer to the inquiry "What will you drink?" should be "Pure water, if you please." But as moralists can not have always their own way, which, in their opinion at least, is always the best way, the next best thing is to try to guide the world in the way of its own choice, so as to keep it, if possible, from breaking its neck or falling into the ditch. As mankind seem determined, in spite of their best wishers, not to confine their bibacious propensities to cold water, let us say a word, with a view to humanity, about the comparative virtues—or vices, if you will—of the ordinary drinks indulged in, and the modes of imbibing them.

The American practice of bar-room drinking is the most dangerous in existence. Look at the brilliant drinking saloon, so easy of access at every corner; look at the contrivances to facilitate the ease and dispatch of the whole business; the numerous well-balanced baize doors, opening and shutting at a touch, and without the least monitory creak—the wide expanse of room—the long stretch of bar that crowds may throng in, drink, and throng out without a jostle; look at the sharp-witted, quick-handed bar-keeper, how he shuffles across the counter sling after sling, smasher after smasher, cocktail after cock-

tail, with the *presto*-like rapidity of a bottle conjuror, and how he takes and gives his change with the unhesitating precision of a ready-reckoner. It is this facility of the bar-room practice which makes it so fatal. Let a man be as busy as he may be, and he can still turn into the corner and take his score or more drinks in the morning, without losing a chance at a customer. Let the youth be watched ever so closely, and he can slip in and out of one of these fatal baized doors a dozen times in the day without being observed by the sharpest-eyed Puritan; and can become a confirmed drunkard without being suspected of having tasted a drop.

In every other country but this, wine and spirit-drinking, if not always a convivial practice, inviting the companionship of friends, and inspiring, more or less, the social sentiment, is, at any rate, a formal, leisurely proceeding, requiring freedom from business or demanding its neglect. Here we work and drink together; every where else a choice must be made between the two. It requires no prophet to foretell the fatal danger of a practice which falls in so readily with the daily routine of life, and adds so complacently its thousand provocatives to the eager thirst of our countrymen for excitement.

Apart from the dangerous frequency of drinking strong drinks to which the bar-room leads, it involves the habit of drinking "on an empty stomach," and drinking during excitement—two of the most fatal practices possible. "Gin' ye're gaun to drink, Sir, dinna ye talk muckle," is a current saying among the Scotch, who, if we are to believe all accounts, should be able to speak with authority on the subject. This proverb quaintly expresses a well-ascertained fact, that strong drinks have a greater intoxicating effect, and a more fatal influence, in a state of excitement or mental activity than in repose. Thus riotous Ireland consumes comparatively less whisky than orderly Scotland, but gets a great deal more drunk. That the effect of strong drink is, infinitely more fatal in the United States than elsewhere, is proved by the much greater prevalence here of *delirium tremens*, or, as it is more expressively called, the *horrors*, that terrible insanity of fright. This fact is unquestionably attributable, in a great extent, to the action of strong drinks upon the excitable and feverish American temperament.

"Eat a bit before you drink" is a proverb which comes from the English, and is no less wise than that of their canny Scotch neighbors. This advice, good as it is, is seldom followed by our hasty imbibers. If food is first taken before the strong draught, the delicate coat of the stomach is protected against the direct impression of the sharp, biting spirit, and the spirituous fluid being mixed with the more solid substance eaten, is digested with it. If the strong drink is taken without food, it acts, through the delicate coat of the stomach, directly upon the nerves, or is absorbed at once into the blood-vessels, and thus circulates as a poison throughout the whole body. "Eat a bit before you drink."

We need hardly say that the wholesomeness of a drink is in direct proportion to the nutritious properties it possesses, and in inverse proportion to its spirit. Beer, of common drinks, contains the least alcohol and most nutriment, and whisky (or, we might say, French brandy, for, from all accounts, the Cognac now is only an old enemy under a new name—Monongahela come back to us, after its travels, with a foreign flavor and foreign title) the most alcohol and least nutriment. So, if you must drink either, take the former by all means.

We would gain much in this country, if we should not gain all that some of our enthusiastic friends might desire, by substituting the sociability of foreign drinking for our gregarious barroom habits. We might thus, at any rate, have a chance of deliberating upon the momentous question, "What will you drink?" and possibly, in the course of time, after a preliminary glass of beer, we might, in our cooler moments, at last reach that great desideratum of drinking nothing but a glass of water with our temperance friends.

THE NEW STEAMSHIP ADRIATIC.

CONSIDERABLE anxiety is felt in various quarters in reference to the non-appearance of the new Collins' steamship *Adriatic*. Many friends in the West express surprise that she should not be running; especially as the line to which she belongs is now reduced to one vessel, itself in want of repairs. It is said, by way of accounting for the delay, that the new valves which were applied to the engines of the *Adriatic*, and from which such happy results were expected, have not proved as efficient as was anticipated; in fact, that they are a failure, and will have to be removed, and replaced by valves of the old pattern. This alteration may possibly, it is stated, involve the removal of all the machinery from the ship, and delay the appearance of the *Adriatic* for many months to come.

It would be gratifying to hear that these assertions were, if not incorrect, at least an exaggeration; and that the *Adriatic*, which we really have so many reasons for regarding as a national vessel, will shortly redeem the credit of our steam marine, and emulate the triumphs without sharing the ill fortune of her sister ships.

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TREATY.

THE United States Senate have, at length, ratified the treaty signed by Lord Clarendon and Mr. Dallas, with such modifications as, it is said, Great Britain will not be likely to reject. No sound opinion upon the measure can be formed until the modified treaty is laid before the public in its entirety. But if the spirit of the published treaty is preserved in the ratified version, it may be said unhesitatingly that a mistake has been made. Covenants touching such matters of detail as the rights of the Mosquito Indians, and the exact circumference of Belize, are of no consequence at all; the great question is, Whether we shall spontaneously admit a European power into our family on this continent, and treat with her respecting American territory on terms of equality? If we do, we may depend upon it we shall repent it.

In no unkindly spirit toward England, but, on the contrary, with the most earnest desire for a perpetual continuance of the very best relations with the great British nation, do we deprecate any more entangling alliances of the Clayton-Bulwer stamp. They will not solve the problem of Central American politics; they will not help in any way to regenerate that unhappy country; they will be of no use to us; they will not benefit England; but they will and must provide occasions of quarrel between the two nations, and keep the old sore running as long as they last. Far better than to ratify the Dallas Treaty would it have been to reject it altogether, and to trust to the common sense of new men to devise a new settlement that would have been free from objection.

THE CLOSE OF THE PERSIAN WAR.

WE learn from Liverpool that the negotiations between Great Britain and Persia are almost concluded, and that peace may be regarded as certain. The terms are not fully known, but it is confidently stated that Great Britain relinquishes Bushire, obtains "an establishment" at Ormuz, and another on the Island of Karrack or Karej, and is authorized to send Consuls to every Persian port, except those on the Caspian. Persia evacuates Herat; but, in consideration of her notorious poverty, pays no indemnity.

England can afford to be satisfied with these terms. The East India Company has had a depôt and resident at Bushire for some years; in the present state of the country, actual annexation would add nothing to this privilege. We presume that the "establishments" at Karrack and Ormuz will convey dominion with them. They are the only points in the Persian Gulf worth owning. In a military point of view, Ormuz is the key to the Gulf; and in the hands of England would make her mistress of that sea. Karrack, a fine island covered with dates, is, we believe, the only island in the Gulf on which a plentiful supply of good water can always be had. They cost dear—not less than two millions of dollars; but then Herat is safe.

It will devolve upon our new minister to Persia to see whether these changes can militate against American interests. Bushire might take some American cottons. At all events, we should be kept informed of what is passing there.

EDUCATION IN CANADA.

WE have before us the last reports of Dr. RYERSON and the Hon. PIERRE J. O. CHAUVEAU, Chief Superintendents of Education for the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada. Their volume shows the importance which our neighbors attach to the subject of education.

From these documents we gather that the progress of education in the Canadas is more rapid than in most of the States of the Union; and that education is already as widely diffused among the Canadians as among the people of some of our most favored States. The following table shows the amount of progress made during the years 1853, 1854, and 1855:

UPPER CANADA.	1853.	1854.	1855.
No. of Institutions	3,391	3,515	3,600
No. of Pupils	203,986	217,356	227,864
LOWER CANADA.			
No. of Institutions	2,352	2,795	2,869
No. of Pupils	108,284	119,737	126,677

These figures require no comment. When we inquire into the actual diffusion of education in the two Provinces, we arrive at the following statistics:

	No. attending school.	Total Population.	Percentage of total population attending school.
Upper Canada..	227,864	say 1,050,000	say 22½
Lower Canada..	126,677	say 900,000	say 14

This compares favorably with most of the States of the Union and all European countries. We believe that in Massachusetts, New York, and one or two other Northern States, the percentage of the total population at school has at times risen as high as 30 per cent.; but the average of the whole Union is probably below 20 per cent., and in some of the Southern States as low as 8 per cent. A general European average would be below 5; and if 18, as is stated, would be a fair percentage for Prussia and Denmark, 10 per cent. would do full justice to Great Britain, and 8 to France. So the Canadians can afford to publish their figures. But perhaps a comparison between the number of pupils and that of young persons between the ages of 5 and 16 will illustrate the state of education better than the other table:

	No. of youths between 5 and 16.	No. attending school.	Per Cent.
Upper Canada.......	297,023	227,864	76¼
Lower Canada	238,022	126,677	53

The difference between Upper and Lower Canada must be accounted for by the greater severity of climate, the greater sparseness of population, and the more recent introduction of the common-school system into the latter.

School libraries are being rapidly established in both Provinces; and we are glad to see that more attention than usual heretofore is being paid to the history of Canada and of the United States. Much could be said by way of kindly criticism on the list of books given in the Appendix to the Lower Canada Report; but time will rectify what is wrong, and weed out the dull stupidities of the old Jesuit class-books and the elegant trash of Goldsmith. It is evident from the body of the Report, that the duties of Superintendent have fallen into good hands, and that neither prejudice nor want of information will impede the development of education in that Province. Indeed the Canadians have ample reason to congratulate themselves on their good fortune in finding two such able, enlightened, and trust-worthy men as Mr. CHAUVEAU and Dr. RYERSON to fill the stations of Superintendents of Education. Their reports might be studied with profit by our educational authorities.

BRAZILIAN IMMIGRATION.

WE look inquiringly toward Brazil, wondering why such a mighty empire, with unequaled river navigation and luxuriant soil, should consent to remain stagnant while the rest of the world moves on. Though a deficiency in population is the paramount cause of this stagnation, we do not see that the question receives any attention from Brazilian statesmen. Some time ago, a Colonization Association was started at Rio Janeiro, but it appears to have been a failure; at least, it has made no successful effort to accomplish the ends in view. While Chili and Peru on the Pacific, the La Plata States on the Atlantic, and Bolivia in the centre of the South American continent, have all exerted themselves, and are still exerting themselves to promote immigration, Brazil, with her immense forests, rich with woods, drugs, and dyes of the rarest value, and with her vast mineral and agricultural resources, is deterred from doing the same by jealous, suicidal fears. She will not even grant the commonest facilities for trade. It is an ascertained fact that the slave population of Brazil is fast decreasing. The country is languishing for the want of sturdy settlers to subdue the wilderness and build up wealth and civilization. But to obtain such, Brazil must hold out some inducement to the settler, and at least guarantee him an interest in the soil and its produce. Brazil sleeps; yet none of her statesmen are far-seeing or sagacious enough to rouse her from this lethargy.

PIEDMONT AND AUSTRIA.

WE have an admiration—and who has not?—for Piedmont. How gallantly does she assume the championship of Italian freedom! How nobly does she brave the power that is striving to crush out Italian nationality! With what spirit did she pick up the Russian gauntlet, when the great Powers of Central Europe hesitated, trembled, and held back!

This plucky little kingdom, aiming to extend the influence of her liberal institutions throughout the Italian dominions, lies naturally under the ban of Austria's displeasure. The breach between the two nations widens day by day, and has latterly reached a point of bitter hostility. Piedmont is free and independent. As an Italian state, she seeks to promote the welfare of Italy. Toward her the eyes of the Italian people are turned in hope for the future. So Austria frowns; and when her Emperor undertook, a few weeks since, his unpropitious journey to Milan—when he discovered there the full extent of his own unpopularity, and the enthusiasm felt for Victor Emmanuel—the frown grew darker, and the Milanese organ of his government ventured so far as to heap the grossest abuse upon the king, the statesmen, and the people of Piedmont, and even to threaten them with future chastisement. No doubt the subscriptions received from Milan, Venice, and the whole of Italy for the monument to be erected at Turin, in honor of the Sardinian army, have soured and irritated the Austrian temper. It was too galling a proof that the heart and soul of the Italian people were with Piedmont; that they have accepted as their champion, to aid them in their release from foreign thraldom.

The attitude of Piedmont, in the present emergency, is fearless and dignified. We do not find her statesmen vaporing in empty boasts; but we do see them, in the presence of a greatly superior enemy, maintaining the right of their country, as an Italian state, to protect the liberties of Italy. Her people are united, even as the whole of Italy is united, on this question of Italy for the Italians. Piedmont, alone, may be unable to cope with Austria; but Piedmont and Italy will make a formidable opponent even to Austria. They are only waiting for time and opportunity, and if the recent threats of Austrian official journals are seriously intended, that opportunity may not be far distant. With Piedmont at the head of the Italian states, and the Italian people a unit in their opposition to Austrian occupation of Italian soil, we should have faith in the result. The independence of Italy would be a watchword for the Liberals of Europe, and the struggle would receive the sympathies and support of freemen throughout the civilized world.

REMOVAL OF QUARANTINE.

THE Legislature of New York has passed the bill for the removal of Quarantine station from its present site on the northeast corner of Staten Island. Three well-chosen commissioners are empowered to select a new site; and pending their search for a suitable location, a sum of money has been appropriated for the establishment of a yellow fever hospital for the summer of 1857. Thus there can be no yellow fever here this year. It is understood that the commissioners will exhaust every effort to procure from the State of New Jersey the necessary authority to convert Sandy Hook into a Quarantine station. Should the Jerseymen prove resolutely obdurate, the Quarantine will, in all probability, be located on the southwest end of Staten Island, where it can be no inconvenience to this State.

HORSE-FLESH AS AN ARTICLE OF DIET.

THE use of the flesh of the horse as an article of food is of antique date. Among the Romans the flesh of the young ass (which is allied in character to that of the horse) was served up at the tables of the opulent as a great delicacy. This practice fell into disuse among the descendants of the Romans, but has prevailed from a very early period among most of the Tartar and Arab tribes, who continue the practice to the present day.

Those nations dwelling upon the borders of the Great Desert, as the Mongols and Tongooses, hunt the Tartary horse, as the deer is hunted in other countries, for its flesh.

Horse-flesh was in general use up to the eighth century among the ancestors of several of the chief nations of Eastern Europe, who esteemed it a great delicacy, and abandoned it with regret, in obedience to laws enacted to prevent the killing of horses for this purpose, in order that the stock might not be wholly exterminated.

Among modern civilized nations necessity rather than choice has induced the use of horse-flesh whenever appropriated as food. Thus, in Copenhagen and several other cities, when these places were besieged, the inhabitants were fain to slaughter their horses, and subsisted upon them for many weeks. During a number of months of the years 1793 and 1794, the inhabitants of Paris were likewise compelled to eat horse-flesh in the absence of other kinds of animal food. In our own army it has frequently been found necessary to resort to the use of horse-flesh; and in the case of the late expedition of Colonel Fremont across the Rocky Mountains the lives of the company were saved by eating the flesh of the mules which accompanied them in their perilous journey. These were temporary expedients, abandoned as soon as it was practicable to procure other articles of food.

Within a few years, however, attempts have been made to introduce horse-flesh as food where no such necessity existed, under the idea of its adaptability to the wants of man. The most successful of these is that instituted at Vienna under the auspices of the Austrian government.

During the three years in which this experiment has been prosecuted, 4725 horses have been brought to the butchers' shambles in Vienna. No less than thirteen butchers are at the present moment engaged in this traffic in that city, who distribute annually to consumers upward of half a million pounds of horse-flesh.

Most of the large towns in Germany, and many of the smaller ones, following the example of Vienna, have regular butchers engaged in the slaughter and disposal of the flesh of this noble domestic animal. The traffic has likewise been introduced into Belgium, Switzerland, and, still more recently, into Sweden, where, within the last year, the trade has been authorized within the corporate limits of Copenhagen.

The idea of appropriating the flesh of the horse as an alimentary article seems at the first view to be repulsive in the extreme; yet, from the favor with which it has been received in those places where the experiment has been tried, it is more than probable that this prejudice, arising no doubt from the nobleness of the animal and his intimate association with man, will be easily overcome. The question of its value as an article of diet presents itself under these circumstances with considerable force. Those who have derived their information from partaking of horse-flesh during sieges or the retreat of armies, when the animals, like those they accompanied, were nearly famished for want of food, and worn down by fatigue, represent it as possessed of a sweetish, unpleasant taste, and a denseness which does not soften in cooking, but renders it quite difficult of masti-

cation. Those, however, who have partaken of it under other circumstances, where the animal was in good condition for slaughter, both in a wild state and domesticated, speak of it as a highly savory and palatable article, resembling somewhat the flesh of the deer, and capable of being converted into a number of very excellent dishes.

Upon this point we have the testimony of a great number of different tribes scattered over Asia, Africa, and South America, as well as the more exact observations of those Europeans who have investigated the subject with the care it demands. The experience of M. M. Renault and Joly led them to the conclusion that after the horse, by reason of his old age and severe labor, had become unfitted for further usefulness, he might, by proper care, be fattened, and made a second time valuable on account of his flesh. In this manner horses of sixteen, eighteen, twenty, and even twenty-three years of age, apparently incapable of surviving much longer, were wrested from the hands of the knackers just as they were about to be slaughtered for their hide and bones, restored to flesh, and became a very wholesome and palatable article of food.

That horse-flesh is frequently served up in Continental restaurants, and especially those of Paris, for other food, and is partaken of with great relish by those before whom it is placed, does not admit of a doubt. M. Parent Duchâtelet, one of the most distinguished authorities on public hygiene in France, states this fact without equivocation; and M. Saint Hilaire, President of the French Academy of [illegible] remarks, "Elle a été, elle est [illegible] et même tres-habituellemen[illegible] même nom ou comme viande de *Chevreuil*, dans les restaurants (parfois de l'ordre le plus élevé), sans que les consommateurs soupçonnent le fraude ou s'en plaignent."

The article thus factitiously served by the Parisian restaurants as *venison* is palatable and savory enough to deceive their fastidious customers, and when the animal is slaughtered in health and good condition, is unquestionably wholesome. It may not be, and indeed is not, as nutritious as fat beef or mutton, but yet maintains a respectable position on account of its nutritive properties among alimentary substances.

Baron Larrey, the surgeon-in-chief of Napoleon's army, had frequent opportunities of witnessing the effects of this diet in the Russian and Egyptian campaigns. In regard to this latter he says that, "during the siege of Alexandria, it contributed to dispel an epidemic scurvy which had broken out in the army, and was the principal means made use of to arrest the effects of this malady." "Experience," he adds, "demonstrates that the flesh of the horse is a diet in every way suited to the nourishment of man."

M. Saint Hilaire, in estimating the number of horses in France applicable to this use, remarks: "In combining the elements furnished by official statistics and other documents, it appears that the flesh of the horses which annually die, and which might be made, by being cared for before age causes their decease, to subserve as food, is equivalent to one-sixth of all the beef or pork, and one-fourteenth of the meat of all descriptions brought to the butchers' shambles in France."

He farther states that there are millions of persons in France who are wholly deprived of meat, or partake of it but six times at most, and frequently but once during the entire year. It is argued by those who are solicitous to introduce horse-flesh into use, foremost among whom stands the distinguished President of the Academy of Sciences, that it is a shameful profanation to cast this large amount of food to the dogs who devour it, while so large a proportion of the population of France is, by the force of circumstances, deprived of the use of meat as food.

With the abundance of animal food to be had in this country, it is hardly probable that horse-flesh will ever be used as an alimentary article. Should our countrymen or countrywomen desire to satisfy their curiosity on this point, we conceive that it may easily be done at a Parisian restaurant. Many persons, and among the number Marshal Massena, consider it the most palatable of meats; but should others entertain a different estimate, or feel any misgivings at dining upon a savory steak from the rump of a noble steed, we would advise them, when in a Continental restaurant, to look well to their venison.

CHAT.

BUSY HUSBANDS AND NEGLECTED WIVES.

AN American merchant's house is a place, more or less comfortable, to confine his wife and children in. His own home is in his store or counting-house. He may take an uneasy sleep and a hasty cup of coffee up-town, when he is not running the risk of having his neck broken on a railroad or losing his life in a steamboat, in pursuit of new goods or an absconding debtor; but he reads his newspaper, he smokes his cigar, he chats with his friends, he does the amiable, he takes his dinners, and enjoys himself—in a way of his own—always down-town.

Wives are beginning to complain, and well they may, of the little use they have of their so-called halves, which might be better expressed by some very inconsiderable fraction. Husbands become gradually reduced, after the whole-souled times of the honeymoon, down from the legal marital measurement of one-half to one-fourth, one-eighth, one-sixteenth, until, finally, they reach so small a degree as to be left entirely out of the conjugal calculation. Under such circumstances of reduced fractional connubial endearment, who can blame Mrs. B. if she consoles herself innocently with the good-looking foreign gentleman of leisure, who finds time to dye his whiskers and put on a new pair of lavender kid gloves, at high noon, and give his arm to Mrs. B. to a Thalberg *matinée*, or sympathize with the sighs of "the Bosom" (as Dickens has it, in the Mrs. Merdle of his Little Dorrit), at a morning reception, over its neglect by him who should be that bosom's partner, but who is only the partner of Smith & Co., No. — Pearl Street?

This is the busy season. The spring trade has begun with unusual vigor. New goods have arrived in fearful abundance. The croakers try to frighten us in vain with that old scarecrow—the balance of trade. The bears of finance threaten to garrote the bulls with a monetary pressure. But it is all useless; the spirit of trade is up, and the spring is opening with a promise of expansiveness that will be sure to blossom in a full flower of speculation and expense.

There is no doubt the city is busy—very busy—and you are busy, Mr. B., for customers must be attended to; but with all the pressure of the spring-trade, Mr. B., you are not so busy as you would have Mrs. B. believe. There is no reason for your grumbling that the buckwheat cakes are not ready at 7 A.M., these dull mornings. You are away in a huff without looking over that bill of your wife's, or kissing little Johnny's shining morning face [illegible] so busy. No! but you can [illegible] your way to your daily [illegible]te yourself very deliber[illegible] mutton and a pint of Bordeaux [illegible] protracted buckwheat cakes of home. Busy as you are, you can take your time with your cigar and that big morning paper, with nothing in it but advertisements and what you might have read, with a great deal besides, at your leisure a week ago in *Harper's Weekly*. Busy as you are, you can afford time to give your neighbor, Smith, half an hour's talk over his new span of horses, and go out with him at lunch-time to eat oysters at Downing's, and wash them down with a bottle of Scotch ale to the health of Mrs. S. "You'll be home to dinner, my dear?" were Mrs. B.'s parting words in the morning. "No, no! it's impossible; I'm too busy!" was your emphatic answer, you'll recollect, Mr. B. Did you time that day's dinner at Delmonico's? Did it take you two or three hours to discuss that elegant spread, with its three courses, dessert, a bottle of *La Rose*, and a ditto of *Mumm?* On the score of taste, we don't object to your preference of *filet de bœuf aux champignons*, commended by the cheering welcome of the broad face of our friend Delmonico, to the cold mutton, and the uneasy and rather sharply-cut peculiarities of Mrs. B. at home. But it is not domestic, Mr. B.—it is not conjugal—it is only taking the "better," and not the "worse," as you solemnly promised you would before the Rev. Dr. Snore.

We would recommend neglected wives to appoint a committee of investigation, to examine into the daily business of their busy husbands. We promise to publish the report free of charge. Institute at once a series of domiciliary visits to Front and Pearl streets, Maiden Lane and Park Place; and if your husbands may not be found there, busy with newspapers, cigars, and scandal, it is just possible, by extending your inquiries, you may catch them equally busy with realizing the bills of fare at Downing's or Delmonico's. Fancy the fluttering of husbands, and the rapid clearing of bar-room and restaurant, at the sudden apparition of the domestic hoops in those quarters! Husbands, in our opinion, might be more busy than they are, and their wives still less neglected. The constantly-widening separation between the companionship and sympathy of the married is one of the greatest dangers to which our social life and morality are exposed. Let us have a little more of the old-fashioned, Darby-and-Joan connubiality. With all its sentimentality, so difficult of appreciation by unattached bachelors and disappointed maids, it is better and safer than the modern system of remote affinities.

LOUIS NAPOLEON ON THE HOOP QUESTION.

We have "assurances worthy of the highest consideration" that the Emperor of all the French, after a very long bed-curtain consultation with the Empress of all the French, came to the profound conviction, that, from the agitation produced in France particularly, and throughout the world generally, by the rumor that Fashion was about unhooping itself, and shrinking into the contemptible proportions of Nature, it was necessary to make a specific allusion in the Imperial speech to the subject. The following sentence was accordingly prepared, as we learn on the best authority, by the Empress Eugénie herself, and delivered by the Emperor with a particular emphasis, and accompanied by a very knowing glance at his royal consort, who stood before the throne, on the occasion, in the fullest amplitude of hoop and skirt:

> "The manufacturing portion of the nation has lately been made uneasy by the report that the Government cherishes projects inimical to its development and its prosperity."

This was as strong as the delicacy of the subject would allow, but its force was greatly confirmed by the expansive presence of her Imperial Majesty, whose breadth of hoop was more than enough to counteract the widest-spread rumor of proposed female contraction. *Vive Eugénie!*

MADAME DE WILHORST AS THE CHILD OF THE REGIMENT.

Madame de Wilhorst has taken our advice and tried her powers in the Child of the Regiment, and with a success we hardly dared to anticipate at this early period of her operatic career. Her little concentrated figure, her vivacity of expression, her quickness of movement and natural *espiègle*, all-alive temperament, are well suited to the part of the gay Vivandiere, with her rat-tat-too tone, and eyes all right and bright. The dramatic action of Madame de Wilhorst had all the advantage of a natural adaptation to the part to make up for any want of theatrical drill. Her singing was clear in tone and wonderfully correct, which surprises somewhat those who look at her as a novice, as she is in public, but is no more than was expected by those who knew what an expert she had shown herself in private.

Madame de Wilhorst may so far comply with the practice of her new life as to make her *last* a *first* favorite only, and give us, as we hope, half a dozen of them yet. Europe, where she is going, will restore her to us soon, we hope, although we fear, when they have listened to her voice there, they may be induced to adopt our native siren as their own.

WANTED—A LOVER. NO COACHMAN NEED APPLY.

Our country friends will be disposed to draw some hasty inferences from a late occurrence in regard to New York society. They must not think, however, that there is a prevalent taste on the part of our city belles for coachmen; their weakness shows itself rather in a yearning for the coach and horses than for the driver. "Wanted—a lover. No coachman need apply," declare the ladies of our acquaintance. Papas, it is true, are somewhat alarmed just now, and say, "Wanted—a coachman. No lovers need apply." We'll pit the carriage and horses any day against the best-looking coachman who ever came from Tipperary. Notwithstanding John says, "I'm as good a man as he is, if he is rich," and Mary Ann may believe poor John, fathers may comfort themselves with the reflection that there is no danger of many other Mary Anns agreeing with her.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

MY HOTEL.

IT is my firm belief that when Cain was turned out of his family, his greatest punishment was that he was obliged to board out. It is not at all improbable that he was taken in and done for by some sour antediluvian housekeeper, and paid ten dollars a week for a hall bed-room in Mesopotamia. Since that time boarding has continued to be the curse of men.

Boarding is the tyranny of the few over the many. It is the worm that never dies. It is the ceaseless and subtle persecution of men by women, as if they thereby revenged themselves upon us for not granting to their sex all the immunities which the New York *Tribune* so ardently desires to see conferred upon them. When a woman has lost health, and youth, and honesty; when her heart has been ossified and her blood dried up, she has then reached the proper condition for being a boarding-house keeper. She is an anomalous being—neither woman nor man, but a monster, who, like the Dragon of Wantley, cold-bloodedly feeds on the vitals of the population. Where is the knight that will kill this odious dragon? A groaning crowd of bachelors demands him.

I stated before that I live at the Hôtel de Liason. You may know it by its being apparently attacked with ophthalmia, and having all its windows shaded by painfully-green blinds. Its interior, which is labyrinthine, has all the intricacy of the honey-comb, without its regularity. It is cellular from top to bottom; and in its queer, ill-proportioned chambers, is hived a swarm of discolored Cubans, third-rate French clerks, mingled with frowzy, stupefied, married couples, who generally exist in a state of chronic lethargy, from which they occasionally awake to give the boarders the benefit of a matrimonial quarrel. There are a few well-bred and agreeable men at the Hôtel de Liason, and it is curious to observe how they anxiously herd together.

Like all houses in which there is a proportion of Spaniards, the Hôtel de Liason echoes with incessant chatter all day long. It resembles what that place mentioned by Baron Munchausen, as existing near the North Pole—where the words were frozen up until the hot weather came—must have been during a thaw. Cubans, I think, have the greatest talent for making a noise of any people that I ever knew. A few days after my arrival at the Hôtel de Liason, I was awakened by a terrible racket on the landing outside my door. I heard men's voices in high altercation, and judging from the sound that a quarrel was imminent, I got out of bed and looked out. My fears were quite groundless. A party of Cubans had just met near my door, and were exchanging their morning salutations. I wonder how the natives of Cuba distinguish between politeness and abuse.

The dinner at the Hôtel de Liason is a marvel in its way. It generally consists of the same viands every day; from which I am inclined to think that Madame Coupdœil, the mistress of the establishment, has purchased a large quantity of ready-made dinners, somewhere or other, at wholesale, and is forced into this monotony.

The obtaining of food at this repast possesses all the excitement of a fox-chase. The great object of the servants consists in endeavoring to neither hear nor see you, and to give you as little to eat as they possibly can. I have since discovered the reason. They dine on what is left. These waiters—a pleasing mixture of Spanish and German creatures, each incapable of understanding the other—are ruled over by the head-waiter, a dirty Frenchman in slippers, who seems fully impressed with the dignity of his position, and rarely condescends to any greater labor than that of laboriously fabricating cigarettes out of what seems to be Cavendish tobacco. In consequence of the insecure position of his slippers, this head-waiter is unable to walk, but proceeds over the parquet floor of his domain with an adroit slide, so that he seems to dance a continual *deux temps*.

It is a remarkable fact that all the ladies residing in the Hôtel de Liason have mustaches. I think that there must be some invigorating principle in the soup that produces this universal decoration of the upper lip.

It must not be supposed, from what I have above said, that the Hôtel de Liason is not an aristocratic hotel. The odor of nobility is spread over it by the presence of the Baron O'Mulligan Trashikoff, a distinguished Austrian, who, for certain reasons of his own, prefers residing in this country to returning to Europe. The Baron is a large man, with an astute, plebeian face, in which one may discern a transparent cunning, that is profoundly believed in by the possessor, and therefore obvious to every body else. The Baron travels on his past; tells stories of the days when he gambled away and otherwise dissipated his splendid castles in Spain; and vows that those days of folly have surfeited his taste for extravagance, and that his ambition does not now extend beyond a modest competence. Like all foreign noblemen in this country, he has been intimate with every celebrity in Europe down to Louis Napoleon. By-the-way, as all Englishmen that I have ever met in New York have written for the London *Punch*, so all Continental gentlemen have either lent the French Emperor money, or saved his life out hunting, or done something for him equally memorable.

TAKING THINGS IN TIME.

Jones is a merchant of some standing in this city. He is a man who made his own way in the world, and prides himself on his promptness and determination. When garroting came into fashion, Jones was loud in his declarations that the man was a fool who permitted himself to be garroted. He'd like to see any one garrote him! Catch a weasel asleep! with other remarks, all tending to show that Jones had a profound contempt for garroters and their profession. Jones really meant what he said. He was a prompt, courageous man, and was determined to be beforehand with any ruffian who might endeavor to rob him.

Accordingly, as Jones was returning to his home in Twenty-third Street a few nights ago, his attention was attracted by the pertinacity with which a man seemed to dog his steps. On the *qui vive* for suspicious characters, Jones wheeled suddenly round upon his follower, and asked abruptly what he wanted. The man seemed startled, and stammered out some incoherent sentences. At this moment Jones's hand involuntarily sought his pocket. His watch was gone! There was but one inference—he had been robbed without knowing it. He drew his revolver, and springing on the man before him, seized him by the collar—

"Give me the watch!" cried Jones, savagely, leveling the pistol at the fellow's head. "Give me the watch, or—"

"Take it," cried the man, evidently terror-stricken at Jones's determination. "Take it;" and putting a heavy gold watch into Jones's hand, he took to his heels and was out of sight in an instant.

Jones chuckled, as he went home, over his triumph. He found Mrs. Jones sitting up for him. Proud of his achievement, he related the incident with immense dramatic effect, and in conclusion he drew a moral:

"You see, my dear," said he, "I would never have got my watch if I had not been prompt."

"Why, Mr. Jones, what are you talking of? There is your watch!" and Mrs. Jones pointed to the mantle-piece, where, most certainly, a large gold watch was visible to the naked eye.

"You left it at home to-day when you went down town."

Jones grew pale. Mrs. Jones was right. It was his watch. And the watch in his pocket—whose was it? Instead of being robbed, he had turned robber; and absolutely, on the people's highway, with pistol in hand, deprived some person unknown of a valuable time-piece.

The fact was, that Jones had been a little too prompt.

GENTEEL GAMBLING.

Dimes received a card the other day informing him that he was elected a member of the —— Club. On my inquiring in what manner this club—the name of which I had not heard before—was conducted, he described its objects. It differs from most clubs in there being neither entrance fee nor subscription. It is to be open at all hours, and to furnish all the conveniences of a club for nothing. How, then, is it to exist? For nothing, did I say? Alas! its members will pay dearly toward its support. The club will contain various apartments devoted to all species of games of chance—faro, rouge-et-noir, roulette, hazard, etc., etc. It is, in fact, nothing less than an American Crockford's, where men can go and gamble every night, with the poor consolation of being swindled by apparent gentlemen instead of professional "legs." No more dangerous establishment could have been gotten up in this city. One of the chief preventives to indiscriminate gaming is the repugnance that many men feel toward entering a public gaming-house. They know not whom they may meet, and they are certain of being brought in contact with some of the refuse of mankind. But by throwing this air of respectability over the gambling table, by making it elegant and exclusive, a new charm is added to its many and fatal fascinations. Men who would not dare to enter Hall's or Hearn's will frequent this private "hell," and so walk genteelly to ruin. Did I say that it was a club that was opened? Call it rather an abyss bordered with flowers, and the fires of hell glowing at the bottom! Not many months will pass away before its infernal altars will smoke with the sacrifices of broken hearts and dishonored names. Come, Mr. Mayor Wood, here is work for you to do! Exterminate this pestilential haunt ere it infects the town. Burn its furniture. Quarantine its inhabitants. Level its walls to the ground. You know not how many wives and children will bless you for the deed; how many young men you will save from misery and crime.

H. VERNET.

WELCOME TO HORACE VERNET.

LET our national pride hide its blushes or its indignation as it well can, and put on the best possible face, to give a becoming welcome to the distinguished French artist, Horace Vernet, who has been invited to paint our national pictures in our national Capitol. Whether Congress has shown too much connoisseurship or too little patriotism in calling in the aid of a foreign brush for the adornment of Congressional halls, we care not to decide. We have invited a man of genius to appear and show his power before us. Let us receive him with the honor due to his reputation, and he will soon prove, no doubt, his title to it. We shall gain, probably, from having in the country the brilliant productions of Horace Vernet's brush, more than enough to compensate for the reproach against national art, and the disappointment of some unemployed native artist, which this invitation to a foreigner necessarily involves.

Born in that temple of art, the Louvre, and sired by three generations of artists, Horace Vernet came naturally, and by hereditary right, to his vocation as a painter. His great-grandfather was Antoine Vernet, and was an artist of some merit settled at Avignon. As he was a contemporary of Ninon de L'Enclos, he might (although the best authorities deny it) have painted that perennial beauty, as some say he did, when she was in the height of her attractions at threescore. Horace Vernet's grandfather was Claude-Joseph, who became celebrated as a marine-painter in the time of Louis XV.; while his father was Carle Vernet, the famous battle-painter of the Consulate and the early years of the Empire.

Horace was born on June 30, 1789, and is accordingly sixty-eight years of age; but though he has nearly reached the human limit of threescore-and-ten, is yet warm with the fire of genius, and strong with the vigor of a robust temperament. Passing his infancy and childhood in those troublous days of the Revolution of 1793, he and his father barely escaped the danger to which all, however remotely, connected with royalty and aristocracy were exposed. On sallying out together one day, they were suddenly met by the infuriated mob, which was making its way to the palace to attack Louis XVI. and his queen. A ball, which shot off the hat of the younger Vernet, and pierced the sleeve of the elder's coat, was the result of the encounter. Revolutionary Paris became now so alarming to Carle Vernet's instincts of safety, that he resolved upon making his way out of it at the earliest possible moment. He had hardly packed his portmanteau and made ready for his departure when he received word of the arrest and condemnation of his sister to death. David, the painter, was his friend and brother artist, and on the best possible terms with Moreau and the revolutionary terrorists. A word from him would be the salvation of his sister. David's answer to the appeal of the brother and friend was, "Your sister is an aristocrat; I shall not trouble myself about her." Carle Vernet's sister was guillotined. The French biographers, who have always a ready-made amour at hand, or are prepared to get up one at the shortest notice, in order to give spice to every story, say that she had rejected the illicit suit of David, and was thus sacrificed as a victim to glut the revenge of disappointed lust. The Vernets, father and son, lived to witness the retribution of David's inhumanity, in his exile from France on the return of the Bourbons.

Horace gave, as most men of genius have done, early indication of his natural bias. While yet a boy, on dining with his father and some artist friends at the Café de Foy, in the Palais Royal, the cork of a Champagne bottle flew up and left a very ugly black spot upon the freshly-painted ceiling. The landlord was dreadfully put out. Horace lingered behind as his father and friends went out, and quieted the angry Boniface, saying,

"Don't trouble yourself, my good friend; it is no great misfortune; and, at any rate, I can easily repair it."

The boy-artist, accordingly, mixing his colors, and extemporizing a scaffold with table and chairs, mounted it, and in the course of a few minutes had the satisfaction of showing his uneasy landlord an exquisitely-painted white swallow in place of the ugly black spot. This occurred the better part of a century since, but the stranger is still shown the boy-artist's swallow on the ceiling of the Café de Foy, although it is believed that many a brush has touched and retouched it since that of Horace Vernet.

Our painter's genius was early recognized, and he was received into great favor by the court of Napoleon. Marie Louise and other members of the imperial family gave him liberal orders, and paid him liberal prices. Two thousand dollars, at this early period, was a usual sum received for one of his large paintings; while for his portraits, which were in great demand, he was proportionately well rewarded. Finding, on the restoration of the Bourbons, that his Bonapartist pictures were refused admission into the Louvre Exhibitions, he left Paris in disgust, for Italy, where he was received with a triumphant welcome in honor of his genius.

He soon returns to his native city, where he still finds the government keeps his pictures out of the Louvre, but is consoled by the critics and the public crowding to see them at his own studio. He now paints, in rapid succession, some of his most brilliant pictures, among which are the Battle of Jemmapes, the Battle of Montmirail, the Farewell at Fontainebleau, the Battle of Valmy, and the Bridge of Arcole. The Duke of Orleans, the future King Louis Philippe, with his ambition ever on the alert for a revolution and an occasion for his own advancement, studiously encouraged the growing opposition to Charles X., and became a patron of Vernet, as the artist favored by the discontented. He ordered portrait upon portrait, picture upon picture, and had himself and his deeds glorified over and over again by the facile brush of Vernet. This excited the anxious jealousy of Charles X., who began—with unusual brightness of foresight for him—to discover that it was hardly prudent to persecute genius, and particularly popular genius. His Majesty, accordingly, summoned Vernet to the Tuileries, and having sat for his own portrait, ordered the Duke d'Angoulême to sit for his. With this prosperous gale of royal favor all became plain sailing for Vernet, and he was soon wafted on a full tide of honor into the Louvre and the good graces of the whole court. He was now employed by government to decorate the ceilings of the Louvre with a grand painting of a subject more royal than great—Charles X. reviewing his troops in the Champ de Mars. He also received at this time the appointment of Director of the French School of Art at Rome.

While in Italy, performing the functions of his new office, Vernet plied his brush busily, and sent home to Paris a large number of pictures, all of which added to his fame, and confirmed the pride of his country in his genius. Louis Philippe having in the mean time become, by the revolution of July, 1830, the Citizen King, our artist was sent for by his old patron, and on his arrival in Paris he was installed at once, as the especial favorite of the monarch, in an immense studio, the whole of the large *Salle du Jeu de Paume*, at Versailles, being appropriated for the purpose; and there he found room and verge enough for that expansive exercise of his art which is Vernet's characteristic. Orders rained in upon him, and his first commission was for a series of pictures which paid him at least one hundred thousand dollars.

Facile as Vernet is in handling his brush, and quick in execution, he is still a man of rare industry and of hard study. No obstacle will prevent him from the pursuit of knowledge, and he is known to have traveled hundreds and thousands of miles in order to perfect, by observation, such an acquaintance with details of manners, costume, and scene, as may give the truth of nature and conventional custom to his pictures. He crossed, at least a score of times, the Mediterranean, while engaged in illustrating with his art the African Campaign, in order to study, in Algiers, those particulars of place and character which he wished to fix upon his canvas.

His memory is no less wonderfully tenacious than his observation is precise. Gericault, the painter, said of him, "His head is a set of drawers. He opens it, looks in, and finds every thing in its place." One morning he met the Marquis de Partoret on the quay of the Louvre:

"What has become of you, my good fellow!" exclaimed the Marquis; "it is an age since I have seen you. What have you been doing with yourself?"

"You are joking," replied Vernet; "it is not six months since I had the pleasure of shaking you by the hand."

"What! You are mistaken, I'm sure. Where was it?"

"In the garden of the Tuileries. You had a lady on your arm."

"May I be hanged if you are not dreaming, my good fellow! A lady!"

"Yes, a lady; and a devilish pretty one too, I assure you! Stop! I'll give you her portrait."

Vernet took out his note-book and pencil, and after a few rapid touches, handed the result to the Marquis, saying, "Do you recognize her?"

"Yes, by Heaven, it is the Duchess of V——!" exclaimed the Marquis. "It is a fact; I gave her my arm one evening on her way to her hotel, on the Quai Voltaire, and we crossed the Tuileries together. But how in the world, man, could you, after six months, draw a face, a form, and a dress that you only got half a glance at?"

"Why," replied Vernet, "it's a simple thing enough."

"A simple thing, you say? Let me tell you, if you had lived in the fifteenth century they would have been sure to have burned you for a witch! I'll keep the sketch. Good-day. Hope to see you soon again, my dear fellow."

Such is Vernet's marvelous memory that he is enabled to paint almost always without a model.

The great painter was now considered equal to any thing; so Louis Philippe proposed that he should paint a whole gallery of pictures with his own unaided brush. Vernet, nothing daunted, undertook the gigantic labor; and in six years covered the walls of the Constantine Gallery at Versailles with paintings illustrative of the French campaigns in Africa. Louis Philippe was in ecstasy with the brilliant result, and called one day at the painter's studio to express his satisfaction.

"I have a proposition to make to you, Monsieur Vernet," said his Majesty.

Vernet bowed, and listened respectfully.

"My proposition is not a bad one; it is that I make you a peer of France. What think you of it?"

"If your Majesty is serious, you'll allow me, I beg, to follow the example of a grandfather of mine. He refused to receive a title from Louis XV."

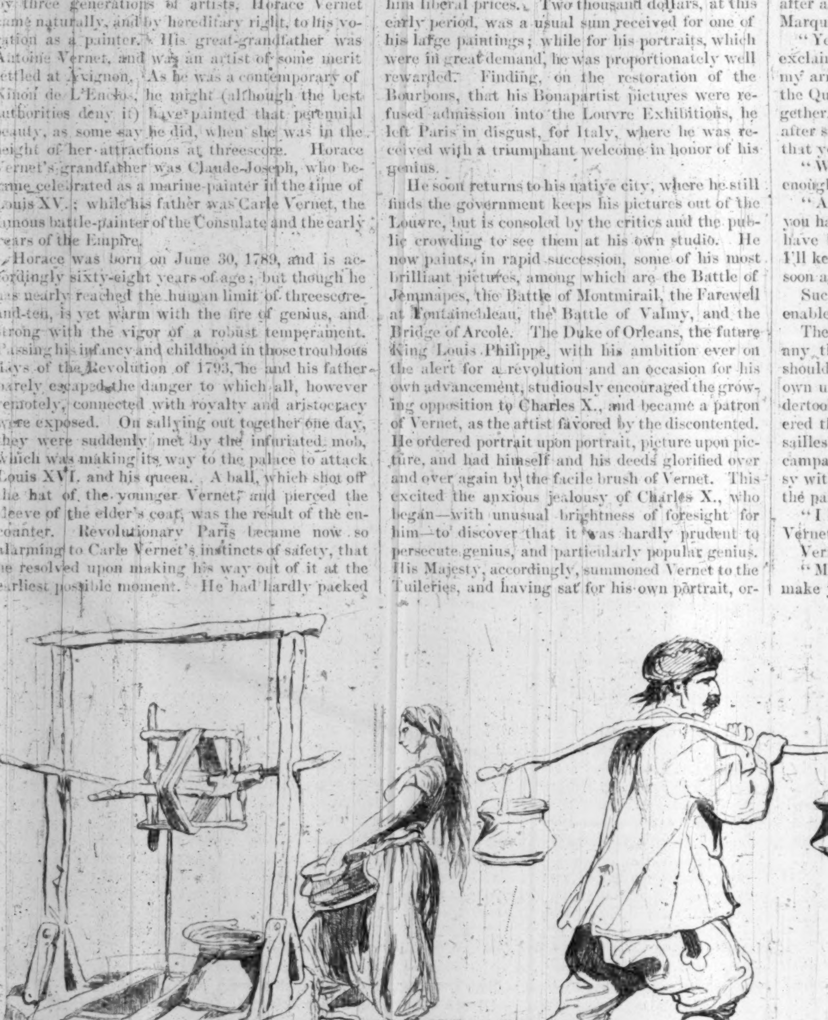
"Ah! Why?"

"Because, he said, please your Majesty, that citizens were on the rise, and nobility on the decline; so leave me, I pray you, a simple citizen."

"Your grandfather was right," answered the King, "but his grandson is wrong; for now the change has been already made, and the Chamber of Peers is composed of citizens."

"Allow me, Sire," resumed Vernet. "At present we have got another see-saw. The nobility is dead and gone; the citizen is coming down again, and the artist is rising. Let me remain an artist."

"The devil!" cried the King; "perhaps you are not far from right."



VERNET'S AUTOGRAPH.

Louis Philippe, in his subsequent visits, never resumed the subject of the peerage.

The King, however, did not bate a jot of his interest in the spirited Vernet, and took especial delight in watching the dashing effects struck out by his rapid brush. While the artist was engaged upon his picture of the Siege of Valenciennes Louis Philippe was a frequent visitor, and on one occasion proposed that Vernet should represent Louis XIV. leading the assault. It was easy enough to do: a line here, and a little color there—for it was always touch-and-go with our artist—would have immortalized the martial glory of the Grand Monarch; but Vernet is above all things truthful, and he determined, before acceding to the royal request, to consult authorities, and find out what part Louis XIV. took in the affair. The result of his research proved, as might have been expected, that the Grand Monarch had too much regard to his personal safety to trust himself any where within the risk of cannon-shot, and was, in fact—instead of leading the assault at Valenciennes, no less than nine miles distant from the spot—in the agreeable company of the chief of his seraglio, Madame de Montespan. Accordingly Vernet informed Louis Philippe that, as he could not falsify history, he would not put Louis XIV. where Louis XIV. never was.

"But I assure you," exclaimed the King, angrily, "that we have a tradition in our family which proves the fact!"

"I am exceedingly sorry," replied the painter, "that your family tradition does not agree with history; and I beg that you will not insist upon it."

Louis Philippe now turned on his heel and disappeared. H. Vernet expected to hear no more of the matter, and was surprised by a visit from the royal Director of Art, who came to say to him,

"My good friend, you are indeed too obstinate. The King will pay you; do as he asks."

"No one can pay me," replied the indignant artist, "for belying history. I throw up my commission; I shall not paint the picture."

On that very day Vernet packed his portmanteau and prepared to depart for Russia, where the Emperor Nicholas had often invited him to go. He was just ready to start, when no less a personage than one of the chief ministers of the court was announced. He burst in with,

"Come, my good Vernet, none of this nonsense! You are too much in a hurry."

"Too much in a hurry!" replied Vernet. "What do you mean? I was never so insulted in my whole life."

"Oh! come, be composed, my good fellow. All that is asked is just a little yielding on your part."

"You call that a little yielding! you do? Let me tell you, if I am to submit to a despotism, I should prefer that of the Czar of all the Russias!"

It was all in vain. Vernet had made up his mind to go to Russia, and went; and was received by Nicholas with all the honors. He became a great personal favorite of the Russian Czar, who not only gave him unlimited orders for big pictures, and paid him big prices, but almost daily visited him in his studio, and condescended to become a pupil of the lucky artist. Vernet bid fair to pass the remainder of his days a happy exile in Russia, though Louis Philippe was urging him to return to Paris. This monarch went so far as to authorize the French embassador to promise the artist that, if he would go back to France, "he might finish the Siege of Valenciennes without any Louis XIV. in it." He, however, was deaf to all entreaty, until he heard of the melancholy death of the Duke of Orleans, when, yielding to the natural kindness of his heart, he forgot the monarch in the father, and returned to Paris, to bear with him his and the Emperor Nicholas's condolences to Louis Philippe on the loss of his son.

The past was now forgotten, and Vernet was reinstated in all his former favor, and the event was inaugurated by his receiving an order from government to paint the "Taking of Smala," on a gigantic canvas of no less than a hundred and sixty yards square. Even Vernet's seven-leagued brush was arrested a moment before taking this expansive spread. But it was only a moment; the intrepid artist boldly dashed on, and in less than eight months covered what is said to be the largest-spread canvas in the world. Vernet is the most rapid and prolific of painters; and his productions, though suggestive somewhat of the spread-out and facile style of the panoramic daubers, are liberal in conception, faithful in drawing, brilliant in color, and truthful to history.

The possession of a large fortune is the natural result of our artist's genius, industry, and facility; and a still larger one is expected to be the result of his visit to the United States, if we are to trust the reported calculation of his friends, that he is to make some three hundred thousand dollars, what with his paintings for the Government and his portraits for private sitters, by his visit to our country.

Horace Vernet is the last of the long line of the artists Vernet. He had a daughter, who married Delaroche, and died before that eminent artist.

MEN AND THINGS IN ITALY.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

FLORENCE, *Feb.*, 1857.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—Have your readers opened their eyes of late to the imbecility and shame of modern French light literature? It is lighter and thinner than cobwebs; to ideas there are no pretensions, and words are scattered few and far between, like winter's haystacks. I will give you a specimen of a page—a sample of all—taken from a novel before me, called "Les Vatours de Paris," the production of *two* authors—Le Marquis V. Findras and C. Gueroult; an octavo of 1856; the 121st page, Vol. I., which, translated, reads thus:

"'Isn't agreed in advance.'

"'You do not know my subject.'

"'No matter.'

"'Who knows?'

"'Spend, then.'"

These eighteen words, divided into five lines, constitute a full page. Dumas's books are got out after the same fashion. In the 92d page of one before me there is just twenty-seven words. What does this signify?

You recollect Walter Savage Landor's late offer of £100 to any one who would assassinate a tyrant, allowing a latitude of character to that personage, which might mean, with some, President Pierce, the Emperor of China, or a London policeman, quite as well as the King of Naples; but few, perhaps, know why he left Tuscany. He had a difficulty with some servants, and went to law. The decision was adverse to him — a very likely affair in this country, where it is as difficult for a rich man to get justice in a contest with a poorer as it is frequently the reverse elsewhere. Landor considered himself, as perhaps he was, unjustly treated, and at the next court went in and laid a bag of dollars down before the judge, saying, "I am told justice is merchandise in this place. I want some. How much do you require? Here's the cash!" For this sally he was ordered to leave the country. His family still remain here, in a villa at Fiesole.

Every admirer of Aurora Leigh must be rejoiced to know that Mrs. Browning received a legacy of £11,000 from Mr. Kenyon, and not £10,000, as the *Athenæum* stated.

Among the instances of almost sublime, in one sense, though silly at another standard, of literary self-abnegation, is one of an author of plays here in Florence. His income is a daily pittance of one paul, or eleven cents. On this he lives and *publishes* his dramas, which nobody will read, much less buy. Yet he is perfectly happy, and consoles himself in the firm conviction that posterity will recognize his genius; while for the present he desires no better companionship than his own artistic creations. This is strictly true; and however we may value his literary productions, his faith and cheerfulness and contentment —living, as he must, on bread and cheese only— are a lesson to wiser men.

A lecturer in Germany recently began his discourse on the steam-engine with an allusion to Hannibal, Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon, as great conquerors; but, added he, "James Watt was the greatest conqueror of all." Here the police interfered, and put a stop to his lecture, on the grounds of a political allusion. At the same time, in London, socialism and a division of landed property are openly preached to thousands of discontented workmen; the public prints report their speeches; no police interferes; and society is not hurt thereby; while the hearers and discussers of theories have an opportunity of learning something, and even of correcting selfish errors. Yet, with such an example under their very noses, the Continental despots groan and shudder at the most remote allusion to any thing connected with government, even by name, and think their security consists in sitting down upon the safety-valve of public opinion. They have had the good sense for themselves not to let the King of Prussia go to war with Switzerland. Had he once opened the game of divine right of kings against the divine right of the people, not a despotic throne in Europe, except Russia, would have survived the final settlement of the question. As it is, it is merely an affair of the peaceful progress of civilization. Railroads, commerce, intercourse, and social necessity are all gradually solving the question against the would-be sole lords of the earth's vineyards.

We have an American horse amateur here, who outwhips all Italy. By-the-by, he bears a distinguished name, but contents himself with honoring it by a display in "handling the ribbons," that no one this way presumes to rival. He conducted recently, in a light carriage, eight horses, two abreast, at a rapid rate, up and down our narrow, slippery streets, in a manner that so affrighted the police, though nothing of the kind could have been more prettily done, that they waited upon him with a prohibition to limit himself for the future to four horses, as royalty itself never aspired to more than six, even with the aid of postillions. So his fun is all up.

Another American lion, the son of an honest candle merchant, fresh from Kars, rejoicing in the title of something Bey, sporting an extraordinary uniform, with several foreign orders upon his breast, astonishes his democratic citizens and aristocratic nodding friends with his person on horseback, followed by a groom in a uniform brilliant enough in gold lace and color for a French Marquis. Yankee liveries and arms are becoming quite common. So wags Young America abroad.

CICERONE.

MEN AND THINGS IN LONDON.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

LONDON, *February* 14, 1857.

SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY, PAST AND PRESENT.

THIS is Saint Valentine's day, and by a happy combination of circumstances, the whole heart of England is joyous. The Chancellor of the Exchequer's Budget is published this morning, and promises an immense relief from the burdens of taxation; the money market is relieved by the arrival of nearly a million of gold, so John Bull, after computing the expenses of past, and the probabilities of future wars, has balanced his ledger and nerved himself for coming events. On the other side, there is a celebration which has not a shadow of pelf or politics connected with it. For weeks past, myriads of Valentines have filled the shop-windows—happily these exhibit an entire absence of political allusion or bitterness, of every thing except what is congenial with the loving and frolicking spirit of the day. Hundreds of artists for months past have been occupied in designing, painting, cutting, and elaborating this day's offerings at the shrine of the loving saint. For many days there has been no getting any thing done by stationers and newsmen that could be deferred till the fourteenth of the month. Our children and servants have been laying up their small change for love-gifts on this day, and through the whole course of preparation the spirit has been, as ever, true to the occasion. Never, when France was at her gayest, could her temper have been more genial or more mirthful than that of England on the day of Saint Valentine. Notwithstanding the gloomy manner in which Englishmen enjoy themselves, it may be doubted whether they are not *au fond* more humorous, if not as gay as the French. How they laugh at jokes against themselves; how good-temperedly they enjoy satire; how inexhaustible their relish of truth-telling pantomime. Their fidelity in keeping such festivals as this pure from all alloy of social discontent, seems to show that the heart of merry England is as sound and as light as ever. The changes in the observance of this festival are wonderful, but nothing can be more radically unchanged than the spirit of it. Half a century ago, it was noted as a wonderful fact that in London 200,000 Valentines were delivered by the postmen, the postage amounting to nearly £1700. Here we reckoned a hundred thousand pairs of lovers. If it was objected that all who sent Valentines were not lovers, then it was replied that there were plenty of lovers who did not send Valentines. The post was late all over the country. In every village, at the sound of the horn, the people ran to the doors and windows. The post-boy's swollen bags were discharged from door to door, and few, as he went his way, were left disappointed. In some places, the best of the fun was over the evening before; the gifts being bestowed on the eve of the day when the partner was claimed. A tale of Mrs. Opie's shows how recently this custom existed in old-fashioned places. The narrative turns upon the snatching of a packet of family letters, stolen as a Valentine, and treated as might be expected of thieves. This story testifies to the dearness of postage, as well as to the existence of the custom of throwing gifts in at the doors after dark. In Hertfordshire and other places, the children went from house to house to receive true-lover's knots, garlands, and money, and they made a procession in honor of all lovers. In Kent, the business was carried on by burning the "holly-boy" on the one hand, and the "ivy-girl" on the other —nobody knew why, but that it must be done in honor of Saint Valentine. In the western counties, an owl and two sparrows had to be caught before daylight and presented at the chief house before the family were awake; else the largess was forfeited. Elsewhere the young people were all stirring early, because the youth or maiden first met in the morning became the life-long Valentine. In almost every place from John o' Groat's to the Land's End, the young people were drawing their mates by lot, so as to liken the occasion to Twelfth Night. From the earliest times, the gifts have been of all values, from the rare jewels bestowed by French and Italian princes, and the expensive gloves and silks which the gay and gallant Pepys groans and exults over in his *Diary*, to the gingerbread heart of the village school-boy, or the gaudy Cupid which the town apprentice buys for twopence. Of these and many other ancient forms, some have become obsolete, others are compromised, and the rest transmuted; but the genial spirit of the day and the Saint remain. The anonymous gifts thrown in at night-fall, have ceased in favor of the Christmas-tree, and the pairing by lot is not the serious and exciting scene it once was; but the sending of letters increases from year to year, and the beauty and costliness of these poetic offerings are something remarkable in any place but Paris. No doubt a great number come from Paris. It is said that the importation deserves a separate heading in our Customs reports. There is still left abundant employment for our artists at home, and a brisk circulation of capital engaged in the business. Many an aristocratic young gentleman and little lady receives an astonishing display of filagree, of flower and bird-painting of a high order, and of exquisite caricature; enough to form an album of value sufficient to ransom half the slaves in Barbary. Not that there is any censurable luxury in this way of keeping the festival; it is an innocent and useful annual recourse to art-pleasures, and the money is well earned and well spent. But the mode of expenditure has changed. Instead of sending out 200,000 Valentines, the General Post sends out now 800,000 and upward, the numbers increasing annually. Instead of an anxious morning and evening lottery, in which youths and maidens believed they were finding their mates for life, we have fun, frolic, and bounty; caricatures, quizzes, and surprise-gifts from parents acting the lover in fun. The real earnest is now for the children; all the rest is mirth. A great change in an observance which can boast so old a date! Some say it goes back to ancient Roman days, when virgins' names were drawn in honor of Pan and Juno on a February day, which the early Christian priests laid hold of in the name of Saint Valentine, the most loving of martyrs. Others give the credit of this festival to the French princess, daughter of Henry IV., who named her Italian palace after Saint Valentine, and also compelled her cavaliers and maids of honor to pair off for the year by lots, she alone being free to choose her partner in the chase and in the dance. The cowled poet Lydgate, early in the fifteenth century, and Charles, Duke of Orleans, who was brought from the field of Agincourt, wrote Valentines; and Chaucer, at an earlier date, told how the birds chose their mates on that soft-hearted Saint's day. Whoever began the observance it is very old, and with us it has not ceased to be venerable; though the old methods have changed, and we are reputed to have become graver and wiser than of old, yet we are keeping Saint Valentine's day more liberally and fully than ever. This day divides London life into two aspects. It is ushered in while Parliament is discussing the grave facts of past wars, present expenditure, and future tax-paying, and under its star statesmen have gone home thoughtful and with brains all bent on business. But the loving Saint presents another aspect of life on the same spot. He brings in love and wooing, a little impersonal satire and harmless quizzing, and a host of pleasant thoughts about spring, with its doves and lambs and early flowers. We welcome him this year because life itself is better than its cares, and because love is higher than politics, and the new-born generation, to-day exulting in its special festival, is worth at least as much as graybeards; and more so, if we think too much of politics and pelf.

Life has become with us far too prosy; it behooves us all to do what we can to retain the innocent poetic festivals of our forefathers. Many of them, it is true, were painted with coarseness of manners and of speech, but still they generally contained a poetic germ, that served as a foil and relief to the monotonous daily routine of good-husbandry. May-day exists no longer but in the songs of the poets, and the joyless dance of the chimney-sweepers. Yet a little effort on the part of those to whom our old customs are dear, might serve to make it as popular as Saint Valentine's. In a few villages some Lady Bountiful strives to make the little ones happy on this day, and we may yet in our rambles stumble upon a May-pole.

LITERARY.

WE have received, in our English packages, *Kingsley's* new novel, TWO YEARS AGO, which is announced by Ticknor and Fields as shortly to be republished here. The English edition, in three duodecimo volumes, is published at the moderate price of 31*s.* 6*d.*, or about $7 75! The Boston edition will be quite as elegant in style and readable in type, if it be like Ticknor's ordinary publications, and will not exceed a third of that price, if it be so much.

The book will have a large sale in America, especially from the character of the work. It is the first time that an English author of distinction has ventured to make the great American question the ground-work of a plot in a novel, or has attempted to teach Americans their duty. It is as decided a failure as might be expected. The literary character of the work falls far below any of his former publications, and the allusions to America and Americans are as incorrect and blundering in fact as they are insulting and disagreeable in character. There is no plot or plan in the book. It is rambling and discursive, dictatorial in style, and infidel or rationalist in theological tendency. Every one receives a blow or a pat on the back somewhere in the volumes. Now the Church, now the Dissenters; here the State, there the Crown itself; in one place the Pre-Raphaelites, in another the Reform parties, and America and Americans every where; while Mr. Kingsley's favorite poets and prosaists are puffed, quoted, and praised without stint. In fact, the author, much elevated by the success, and deserved success, of his former polished works, whose reception by the world has placed him in the front rank of living writers, has grown self-important, and assumes to teach all the world and all classes of society their duty.

In a disjointed and irregular book like this, it is impossible to relate, with any degree of satisfaction, the attempted plot or plan. The introductory chapter ought to have been in the middle of the third volume. It serves to puzzle the reader, without adding interest to the story.

One Tom Thurnall, a rattle-brained medical man, is the hero, if there be a hero of the book, who, after being driven all over the world, in Russia, India, the Pacific Islands, Australia, and California, by the dying request of an American *medico*, whose latest breath he received somewhere in the East, was made to promise that he would rescue from slavery a beautiful quadroon or nearly white girl whom the medical man loved, and for whose emancipation he gave what money he possessed.

Thurnall afterward visits America, and rescues the girl from slavery—not by purchase but by the underground railroad, and sends her to Canada, where he leaves her. She educates herself, or is educated, forms a Platonic alliance with an American gentleman named Stangrave, who teaches her to be a great actress. She performs in New York, then goes to London, where she attracts immensely, is wooed by fifty noblemen or young men about town, is specially persecuted by a very stupid but good-natured Lord Scoutbush, who offers to marry her, slave or no slave, but she loves Stangrave constantly. She refuses to marry Stangrave because he will not agree to devote his life to the anti-slavery party; and when Stangrave suddenly learns her origin, he runs away from her. Meantime Thurnall has been wrecked on the coast of England, near a small fishing village, where he instantly settles himself down. He was rescued from the water by a beautiful girl, schoolmistress in the village, whose character is as difficult to understand as the novel itself. She is crazy at one time, foolish at another, pious always, very eccentric, and loves Tom. He accuses her, in his mind, of stealing his belt with fifteen hundred pounds in it, at the time she rescued him, and, finally, accuses her of it to her face, but falls in love with her nevertheless. He at length goes to the Crimea. After his departure she finds that her mother stole the money; and she herself obtains a nurse's appointment to the East, where she goes, but never meets Tom, who does not turn up till last Christmas-eve, when he comes home from far wanderings; finds her taking care of his blind father, and— but we shall spoil the interest of the reader if we relate the catastrophe. Stangrave has meantime married the quadroon, become a Republican, voted for Frémont, and (in the introductory chapter) having done all he could for America in America, has come back to England to do what he can for his country there (it does not appear how), talks about the prospects of consolidating the party within the next four years, and admits that it may be true that abolition of slavery resulting in disruption of the Union, an invasion of the South by the North, an internecine war, and a general rising of the slaves, is the necessary and proper course in America immediately, as the vengeance due to crime.

Mr. Kingsley is no nearer right in his American geography than Englishmen generally are apt to be. It puzzles us somewhat to know what he means in describing Stangrave as an American man of fashion and slave of public opinion, whose God it has been "to be the leader of taste and fashion—admired and complete—the Crichton of Newport and Brooklyn."

The book has been made in haste. Its classical allusions are obscure and not apposite—its rhetoric is too slovenly for Mr. Kingsley — its choice of words very careless. Such errors as the use of *both* for *each* occur often, and the proof-reading (of the English edition we are speaking) is execrable.

We have said that the theology of the book is infidel in tendency. Mr. Kingsley's inclinations that way have been long suspected. It would shock him, as it does some American gentlemen that way leaning, to call his theology by this name; but it is simply true that his hero Tom Thurnall is an infidel, talks like an infidel, acts like an infidel, and argues like an infidel; while his opponents, Grace the schoolmistress, or Frank Headley the rector, are always made to admit there is some truth in what he says, and are never made to combat successfully his very shallow rationalism.

Notwithstanding all this, the book is, as Mr. Kingsley's books must always be, a great work, far above the ordinary novels of the day, and one which will repay a thoughtful and careful reader. We have no apprehensions of its doing harm. Its lectures of Americans are too incorrect to do any injury here, while its bad morality is too barefaced to escape censure.

Thus much for the faults of the book. For the rest, it abounds in those strong passages which Mr. Kingsley so well understands how to write, and in a luxuriance and brilliancy of imagination that surpass any living novelist. The evidence of this is that, notwithstanding the objections and offensive characteristics we have mentioned, having opened the first volume in the evening, we did not lay the book down till we had finished the third, somewhere among the small hours, long after the two hands of the mantle clock had pointed upward together.

Among the few books of the week, that one which has most attracted our attention is a very unpretending volume, published by Jewett & Co., in Boston, with the somewhat characteristic title, MR. DUNN BROWNE'S EXPERIENCES IN FOREIGN PARTS. It increases our faith that there are not yet, and never will be, too many books of travel. Every man can see with his two eyes something that is invisible to every other man; and thus we get something new from each book, however stupid. But there is no stupidity in this volume. Mr. Dunn Browne saw the funny side of almost every thing. He looked, as he promises in his preface, with all kinds of eyes. He says: "I shall general-*eyes*, and particular-eyes, real-eyes and ideal-eyes, scrutin-eyes, anal-eyes, very likely moral-eyes, and possibly satir-eyes and dramat-eyes. I shall not lion-eyes, nor probably botan-eyes, geolog-eyes, or natural-eyes in any way." And he keeps his promise in a remarkable manner. From the fourth day at sea—of which his sole note is, "A lurch of the ship sent three cups of coffee, two men (one of whom was not your humble servant, and the other was), one bowl of sugar, a woman and a baby, three plates of ham, one hair-brush, six roasted potatoes, a jar of pickles, and a wash-basin of water, with a soapy boy in it, all into the corner of the cabin together"—from this day, through Europe, Africa, and Asia, with a constant flow of humor and an exuberance of quiet fun, Mr. Browne pursues his course until he returns to Boston, and is welcomed on his native shores by the police and a threatened arrest, as the man who had been cheating the Green Mountain boys up in Burlington, when he was actually "half-seas over."

The book is one over which the reader will enjoy many a hearty laugh, and possibly have, once in a while, a serious thought. For although, with a skill and a self-denial that is almost incredible, the author *does* Jerusalem in six small pages of small pica, he nevertheless suggests in every page of his book something worth thinking of, and adds something worth laughing at.

Harper & Brothers issue *Mr. Jacob Abbott's* HISTORY OF KING RICHARD THE FIRST. What child has not eyes and ears wide open for a history of the King of the Lion heart, executed in the familiar style of this popular writer? No romance possesses more intense attractiveness to older or younger readers than the story of Richard, of which it is safe to say no passage is now known that is not of thrilling interest. Other kings left numerous records of their ordinary domestic or home life, their daily employments and recreations; Richard left but the history of his brave and restless heart, his stout arm, his valiant deeds, his imprisonment, escape, and death. All these are recited by Mr. Abbott in simple and graceful language, and illustrated in such manner as must delight the young readers for whom it is specially intended.

Harper & Brothers also publish THE LITTLE LEARNER. LEARNING ABOUT RIGHT AND WRONG, *by Mr. Jacob Abbott*, which is the fifth of the series, the others being Learning to Talk, to Think, to Read, and About Common Things. It is a picture-book for the nursery, illustrated in capital style, and one of those books which parents and friends of little ones will value for their sakes. The best of moral and practical lessons are taught in simple language, chiefly in words of one or two syllables; and the subjects which are chosen to teach the lesson of the book are such as the children will themselves be attracted by.

Dr. Gray's works on botany have a fixed and well-known value. He stands at the head of American botanists. Ivison & Phinney send us his MANUAL OF THE BOTANY OF THE NORTHERN UNITED STATES, a revised edition; and FIRST LESSONS IN BOTANY, illustrated by over 300 wood-cuts. The former is not only a school and college text-book, but will be found invaluable to the ag-

riculturist and to the general student; while the latter, if not already well known to teachers and scholars, will command their attention as one of the most thorough and complete primary books in use. With these books in their hands, teachers or students, at whatever stage of advance, will find nothing wanting to their complete mastery of the subject. We have never had a taste for the study of botany, being content to admire flowers, and abhorring the idea of dissecting them; but this whim has by no means blinded us to the vast importance of the science, while Dr. Gray's books have often tempted us to give up the delicious pleasure of the aroma and the blush of the rose, and take to the knife and the magnifying-glass, that we might know the generations and relations of our beautiful friends.

Harper & Brothers issue this week, under direction of the Secretary of War, the REGULATIONS FOR THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES: 1857. This work is of course well known to military men, and a copy of it will be found necessary to every organized volunteer or militia company, as well as to every officer and soldier who desires to know the Rules and Regulations of the United States Army. The directions are of the most minute character—from the care of armaments and ammunition, and regulation of camps, conduct of battles, treatment of prisoners-of-war, and like subjects, down to the proper challenge of a sentry and reply of the guard. No question can arise in military matters that is not answered by this volume, which is a complete epitome of the duty of a soldier.

Mrs. Gaskell's LIFE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË, author of Jane Eyre, announced by Appleton, as well as by the English publishers, will possess special interest in a portrait of the subject of the memoir which is promised with it.

Lady Bulwer's novel, VERY SUCCESSFUL, created such a *furore* of disgust in England, and the publishers were so much abused for lending themselves to make public the follies of an angry woman, that they were compelled to abandon the book, and advertise that they had no longer any connection with its publication. In our latest London papers we find a notice that it can be procured by the trade and others of a bookseller in Taunton.

Shakspearian scholars are interested in a late discovery of early editions of the plays in Switzerland, where they formed part of the effects of a Swiss who was resident in England in the times of Elizabeth and the first James.

Professor Charles Thiersch, of the University of Erlangen, has just published, at Munich (Germany), a volume in which he communicates to the medical world the results of a series of experiments upon mice and other animals, with the "rice-water discharge" of cholera patients, and the contents of the intestines of persons deceased of cholera. He preserved these substances, taken from bodies newly deceased, in glass vessels prepared for that purpose, and dipped into it strips of thin paper, which being permitted to dry, retained upon them the substance of the cholera discharge. He now gave this paper to mice to eat. Two mice were fed together, and to each 1-4000th of a grain of the matter was given. Of 110 mice treated in this way 47 sickened, and 14 died. Of these, 13 which were dissected and examined showed plain traces of choleratic infection. They had before death also choleratic symptoms, such as cramps and watery discharges. From this the Professor deduces that it is possible to produce cholera by inoculation with the intestinal discharges. As it has never been an object to produce cholera in any way whatever, the learned Professor's deduction will probably prove of less value than the fact which he has with much patience established.

ADDITIONAL RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

NEW YORK.

De Bow.
The Southern States: a Series of Papers condensed from the earlier volumes of De Bow's *Review*, upon the Culture and Manufacture of Sugar, Tobacco, etc. Together with Historical and Statistical sketches of several of the Southern and Southwestern States; their Agriculture, Commerce. 8vo.

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DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SENATE.

ON Monday, 9th March, the Senate, in extra session, adopted the proposed list of new Standing Committees, and referred the Indiana and Pennsylvania contested election cases to the Committee on the Judiciary.—On Tuesday, a resolution to adjourn on Saturday was introduced, and laid over under the rule. Resolutions relative to privateering were referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations.—On Wednesday, the majority of the Committee on the Judiciary reported that they desired to be discharged from the further consideration of the protest of Democratic members of the Pennsylvania Legislature against Senator Cameron's return as United States Senator. A minority report was submitted by one member of the Committee, and the subject was discussed, but no action taken.—On Thursday, the Dallas Treaty was confirmed, with various amendments, by the Senate in Executive Session.—On Friday, the majority resolution of the Judiciary Committee respecting Senator Cameron's election, was adopted; and discussion was had on a resolution of the Judiciary Committee respecting the contested seats from Indiana.—On Saturday, Mr. Rusk was elected temporary President, and a vote of thanks was passed to Vice-President Breckinridge for his conduct in the Chair. In Executive Session the Senate confirmed various appointments, and adjourned *sine die.*

THE DALLAS TREATY.

The treaty concluded between Lord Clarendon, on behalf of England, and Mr. Dallas, on behalf of the United States, has been confirmed, with amendments, by the Senate, by a vote of 33 to 15, Senator Douglas and his friends voting in the negative. The treaty as amended has not been made public; but it is generally understood that one amendment, moved by Mr. Seward, asserts that the sovereignty of the Bay Islands is vested exclusively in Honduras; a second, moved by Mr. Rusk, declares that the sovereignty of the Mosquito coast belongs to Nicaragua, the Indians having a possessory right to it only as our Indians here have to their lands; a third, by Jefferson Davis, that this country does not in any way guarantee any grants of lands made to any parties by the Mosquito Indians. The amended treaty is to be put in shape and sent to England directly. It is said that the Government feels satisfied the English will be content with it in its present form. Other opinions are held by many. It is understood that Mr. Buchanan disapproved of the treaty, but made no attempt to influence the action of the Senate.

OTHER TREATIES.

A treaty with Persia, for commercial purposes, negotiated by Mr. Spence, has been confirmed. It begins as follows:

"*Treaty of Friendship and Commerce between the United States and the Shah of Persia, signed at Constantinople on the 13th day of December,* 1856.

"In the name of God, the clement and the merciful.

"The President of the United States of North America and his Majesty, as exalted as the planet Saturn; the sovereign to whom the sun serves as a standard; whose splendor and magnificence are equal to that of the skies; the sublime sovereign, the monarch whose armies are as numerous as the stars, whose greatness calls to mind that of Jemshid, whose magnificence equals that of Darius, the heir of the crown and throne of the Kayanians, the sublime Emperor of all Persia, being both equally and sincerely desirous of establishing relations of friendship between the two governments, which they wish to strengthen by a treaty of friendship and commerce, reciprocally advantageous and useful to the citizens and subjects of the two high contracting parties, have for this purpose named for their plenipotentiaries—the President of the United States of North America, Carroll Spence, Minister Resident of the United States near the Sublime Porte; and his Majesty the Emperor of all Persia, his Excellency Emir ul Molk Ferukh Khan, Embassador of his imperial Majesty the Shah, decorated with the portrait of the Shah, with the great cordon blue and bearer of the girdle of diamonds, etc., etc., etc., etc."

Commercial treaties with Venezuela, Chili, and Siam have also been confirmed, and ordered to be printed. Various extradition treaties were likewise confirmed.

A Reciprocity Treaty with the Sandwich Islands, after a fierce contest, was tabled, chiefly in consequence of the opposition of the sugar-growing interest.

The Executive declined to submit the Mexican Treaty negotiated by Mr. Forsyth, to the Senate. It is understood that, were that treaty ratified, no small portion of the fifteen millions which it is proposed to obtain from this Government would go into the pockets of some English bankers and gamblers. Indeed, the whole business wears the look of a speculation; and General Cass has sent it back to Mexico, with a long letter explaining his views.

APPOINTMENTS.

It is said that the rush for office at Washington beggars description. All the week the Cabinet have met daily at 9 o'clock, rarely adjourning before 3, and beyond the urgent public affairs, this time has been engrossed almost entirely in matters concerning the dispensation of patronage. Pennsylvania has the largest numerical force of applicants on the ground. The country politicians of that State swarm like locusts, and every man of them has pretensions to the first rank of consideration. Poor Mr. Buchanan is pestered and badgered to death—they give him no respite; being a bachelor, even his bedroom is no sanctuary in the White House. Morning, noon, and night, they watch him, seize him, and torture him. This treatment is manifestly impairing his natural amiability and gentleness; at times he is crusty and complaining; these mental perplexities have superinduced a return of the epidemic which scourged him severely a month ago, and his expression of face shows anxiety and suffering.

The adjournment of the Senate on Saturday was in obedience to a request from the President, who desired repose. It is understood that the President will adopt the rotation principle, and consider every office vacant when it has been held four years by its incumbent. But various clerks in the public offices have been notified that they will be retained.

The most curious fact, in reference to office-seeking, is that, for the eleven federal offices in South Carolina there are but two applicants. Can this be?

Among the new appointments already made may be mentioned William E. Venable, vice John L. Marling (both of Tennessee), Minister to Guatemala; Consuls at Honolulu, Tabasco, Lyons, Aspinwall, Matamoras, Beyrout, Manchester, England; various local appointments at New Orleans; judicial appointments for the new District in Texas; Mr. Sam Medary as Governor of Minnesota; various Indian agents, Marshals, etc., etc., etc. The great foreign appointments will not be made for a month.

Mr. Cobb has appointed Mr. Philip Clayton Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, vice Mr. Peter G. Washington. Mr. Cass has requested Mr. Addison Thomas to retain the Assistant Secretaryship of State for the present. The choice of his successor is not yet made.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

The Republicans growl terribly at the composition of the Senate committees, though Mr. Seward moved their adoption. They say that while numbering one-third of the whole Senate, they are allowed but one member on the Committees of Commerce, Naval Affairs, and Indian Affairs, and in the relation of two to five on the others of importance. When Mr. Banks organized the House, he allowed the minority a far larger representation than their numerical strength could consistently claim, and he, besides, conceded to them several chairmanships.

At the adjournment of the Senate a curious scene occurred. Senator Butler, of South Carolina, whose paternal aspect and unctuous manner are known, approached the Senators from Massachusetts and Connecticut, shook them by the hand, and requested them to persuade their people to cease their fanaticism, and teach them not to make war on their brethren of the South.

A very pretty interchange of compliments took place between Speaker Banks and the Congressional Reporters for the Washington journals. The reporters wrote him a letter, in reply to which he said: "The industry and early intelligence which gave value to your labors are often the subject of commendation, and to this I am happy to add that, so far as I am able to judge, you have been guided as much by a desire to do justice to individuals, as to promote the public welfare."

The diplomatic corps, under the lead of Mr. Sartiges, now the oldest member, made their usual complimentary call on Mr. Buchanan, and paid the usual compliment in neat and appropriate speeches. Lord Napier, who arrived too late, was not present at the interview. This was a matter of much regret to his brother members, as well as to Mr. Buchanan. The splendor of Mr. Stoeckl's costume was generally remarked; he is minister from Russia. Lord Napier arrived the same evening, attended only, as the daily papers tell us, "by a page." He stopped at Willard's. He called early next morning on Mr. Cass, and made an arrangement to be presented to Mr. Buchanan on Monday 16th. He is negotiating for Senator Fish's residence.

After protracted bargaining, General Cass has concluded a lease for four years of Mr. Marcy's and the adjoining house. His daughter and son-in-law, Mr. Ledyard, have returned to Michigan to transfer the household to Washington immediately. Mr. Marcy and his family occupy the house till the first of May, when General Cass will take possession, having purchased the whole outfit. Mr. Cass says he does not expect to hold the Premiership long, but will make Washington his residence for four years. Mr. Marcy is going to make a European tour.

Senator Toombs and several citizens of Savannah have presented to ex-President Pierce a magnificent service of silver plate, consisting of six pieces, a soup tureen, two oyster dishes, two venison dishes, and one fruit-bowl.

Mr. Pierce is at present in Virginia.

Mr. Buchanan is suffering severely from fatigue and exhaustion; his old malady has returned. Mr. Cass is likewise suffering, though he rises at six and works all day.

A lady of New York who was at the National at the time the water was poisoned by the rats has since died. The proprietor of that house should be more careful in future, or people will beware of him.

THE SINEWS OF WAR FOR KANSAS.

Resolutions have been introduced into the Massachusetts House of Representatives appropriating one hundred thousand dollars to be expended in relieving such settlers in Kansas as have been or may be hereafter despoiled by the border-ruffians, and in defending the legal and constitutional rights of the settlers before the judicial tribunals. Provision is also made for the appointment of three commissioners to disburse the funds.

SLAVES MOVING SOUTH.

A Petersburg (Virginia) paper says: "Our citizens are beginning to observe the unusual number of slaves that are constantly passing through Petersburg on their way South; and to the minds of many the result appears inevitable that it will need but the work of ten or twenty years to clear Virginia completely of that part of her population. A company of one hundred passed through on Saturday." And a Montgomery (Alabama) journal remarks: "For the last week or two the number of slaves carried by the Alabama boats down the river, for New Orleans, has been large beyond all precedent. These negroes come over our railroad mainly from Virginia and North Carolina." Negroes were never so high as they now are. Mechanics are worth $2000, and laborers command $1500.

OUR ADOPTED CITIZENS.

A curious report of the criminal statistics of the State has been laid before the Legislature. It appears that the convictions during the year were 11,324, of which 8518 were of foreign birth, and 2806 of American. The increase over last year is 4580, which is attributed to more full returns from the sheriffs, and not to an increase of crime.

LAYING THE TRANSATLANTIC CABLE.

Orders have been received at the Brooklyn Navy Yard to fit out immediately the steamers *Niagara* and *Mississippi* to proceed to England to assist in laying down the submarine cable between Newfoundland and Ireland. The *Niagara* will probably sail first, as she is to take half the cable on board. She is said to be the largest ship-of-war in the world. The *Mississippi* is the most powerful paddle-wheel steamer in our Navy. She will proceed to England a few weeks later, as she is designed only to attend the *Niagara*, so as in case of accident to take her in tow and proceed on the voyage. The English Government will also furnish two large ships, a propeller to carry the cable, and a paddle-wheel ship to accompany her, so as to guard against accident. The four ships will proceed together to the middle of the Atlantic; and there, joining the ends of the cable and dropping it in the ocean, the English ships will start for Ireland, while the American head for Newfoundland. It will be a new sight in this age to see four large ships-of-war thus meeting in mid-ocean, not to engage in battle, but to join in a peaceful effort to unite the Eastern and Western hemispheres. Mr. Secretary Dobbin has taken a deep interest in the success of this great enterprise, as he has shown by ordering the two finest ships in the Navy on this service.

A WEDDING IN THE CARS.

A wedding was last week celebrated in a train of cars between Brattleboro' and Springfield. The bridegroom lives in Illinois, the bride at Whately, and at her home the marriage should have occurred on Monday evening; but when the evening came no bridegroom or clergyman came with it, both being left over by the cars, the one at Springfield and the other at Northampton. The next morning the unhappy lover hastened to Whately by the first cars, and as his stay in the east was limited, it was finally agreed to proceed to Bellows Falls the same afternoon, be married there, and from thence continue the journey for the West and for life. At the dépôt the waiting pair met the delinquent pastor stepping from the very train they were to take, and without hesitation it was decided that he should go on with them, and perform the ceremony in the cars. This was done to the eminent satisfaction of the parties, and the great entertainment of the other passengers.

OBSEQUIES OF DR. KANE.

Dr. Kane has been buried as became so great a man. On the day appointed, the flags on the public buildings and shipping in the port were at half-mast and draped with crape; and the stores along the route were closed, while the pavements of Philadelphia were thronged with orderly spectators. The weather was clear but cold. There was a large and imposing military display. The procession started from the Hall at noon precisely, the body being borne by the crew of the *Advance*, surrounded by the pall-bearers previously selected. The civic portion of the procession included delegates from the following civic bodies; the faculty and students of colleges; the High School, Fire Department, Odd Fellows, the St. George's, and the St. Andrew's Scots' Thistle Societies, and the Scott Legion in citizens' dress, bearing the flag of the Pennsylvania Regiment when in Mexico. The civic portion of the procession was forty minutes in passing a given spot. The State House bell and the church and fire bells were tolling during the passage of the procession. The religious services took place at the Second Presbyterian Church, where the body arrived about two o'clock.

The funeral car was surmounted with a canopy and dome, having the flags of England, France, Spain, and the United States at the corners. The services in the Church were preceded by the singing of an anthem hymn solo. The chorus by the choir was led by Professor Bishop. The prayer was pronounced by Rev. C. W. Shields, after which the remains were conveyed to Laurel Hill for interment.

STATE OF THE AMERICAN BEARD.

A Boston gentleman has been examining the chins of his fellow-citizens. In passing from State to Dover Street he met 543 men. Of these, *one* had a smooth-shaven countenance throughout, stovepipe hat, gold spectacles, white cravat, jet black drapery, and was in short, a thorough-going specimen of the D.D., got up on the most correct and elaborate principles, without regard to expense. *Thirteen* were young men whose stay at Jericho had, as yet, been unproductive of appreciable results. *Four* were men of the old school, smooth shaven, with the exception of slight tufted promontories jutting downward from either ear, as if designed for a compromise measure between the good old doctrine and modern radicalism. *Twenty-seven* had what used to be called whiskers—looking very much like straps to hold their hair on. *Thirty* wore the regular shed-roof French mustache—smooth-shaven besides; looking as if by far the most convenient method of feeding would be to hang them up by the heels, and slide necessary victuals down the inverted sugar-scoop, thus presented, into the orifice of the mouth. *Forty-three* wore the mustache with a fancy tuft upon the chin, but with smooth cheeks; looking as if a semicolon was the best representation of their idea of facial adornment. *Eighty-seven* had the upper lip shorn, and the beard clipped close, and shaven down an inch or so from the crown of the under lip, in crescent form; as if they had tied up their jaws in a hair muffler, in consequence of the toothache. *Eighty-nine* had full beards—mustache included, more or less flowing; and looked—like sensible men, as God meant to have them.

TROUBLE IN THE AUBURN PRISON.

The turbulence of convicts seems to be contagious. On the 6th inst., in the Auburn Prison, the agent and warden, Colonel Lewis, discovered two convicts in the hame shop in close conversation. After watching them for a few moments he stepped up to the keeper's desk, and, calling to one of the convicts, ordered him to come to the desk. The convict obeyed the order. Colonel Lewis then asked him what he was talking about. The convict replied that he was talking about a horse. The agent then ordered the convict to be capped for violating the discipline. At this moment another convict left his work and walked up to the desk, under the pretense of having some business with the agent. The agent asked him what he wanted, when he replied that he wished to see him in regard to some pension money that was due him (the convict) from the government. The agent suspecting that the convict intended an assault, told him he would talk with him at another time about the matter, at the same time ordering him back to his work. The convict did not start, and a second order was given. At this instant the convict drew from under his sleeve a large long-bladed jack-knife, and, rushing upon the agent, made several thrusts at him. The shop-keeper immediately caught the convict and prevented him from accomplishing his object.

At this juncture of affairs several of the other convicts in the shop rushed to the desk, some of them with the design of assisting the officers, while others shouted out, "Kill him! kill him!" meaning the agent. The difficulty was at length quieted, and the convicts went back to their work.

Shortly after these occurrences Colonel Lewis saw Mr. Foshay, the principal keeper of the Prison, and desired him to take the convict who had drawn the knife from the shop to the wing for punishment. Mr. F. proceeded to the hame shop and called the convict up to him for the purpose of taking him to the wing. The convict here became very boisterous, threatening in loud terms that he would kill Colonel Lewis at the first opportunity. He finally started with Mr. Foshay for the wing, when some dozen other convicts left their work, and proceeded to follow, calling, in the mean time, for the convict to come back. After going a short distance, the convicts, with the exception of the one who was to be punished, returned back to their shop.

The refractory convict then requested that he might be allowed to see the agent previous to being punished. Colonel Lewis came in, when the convict informed him that if he was punished there would be serious difficulty—that the convicts would protect him at all hazards—that he had sent them back to the shop, but that they stood ready to come to his rescue at a moment's warning. Whether the convict was punished after this conversation, is not known. At all events, he was not allowed to go back to the shop, but was locked in his cell.

In the afternoon, Colonel Lewis determined to pass through the hame shop again. While doing so, and while his back was turned, another convict drew a heavy hammer upon him, and had his arm not been instantly caught by a keeper, he would have sunk the weapon into the agent's brain.

In the same shop, on the Tuesday previous, a stone was hurled at the head of Mr. Shumway, the foreman of the shop, which, fortunately, striking him on the neck and shoulder, did no other injury than to quite seriously lame him.

RESIGNATION OF GOVERNOR GEARY.

On Saturday 14th, the President received a telegraphic dispatch from Governor Geary, dated St. Louis, informing him that he had resigned the governorship of Kansas, to take effect the last of this month. He does not state the reasons which have induced him to pursue this course. He has lately encountered many difficulties and embarrassments, and he asked General Pierce to remove him. He promised to do it, but never did; at least Governor Geary performs all the functions of his office in that territory. Governor Geary will be in Washington in a few days.

ELECTION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The annual election in New Hampshire came off on 10th of March. At the time we go to press the returns are not complete; but it seems certain that the Republicans have carried the state by a majority of about 3500. Their vote falls considerably short of their last presidential vote. The latest returns received foot up,

Haile (Rep.) 33,748
Wells (Dem.) 29,776

It is supposed that the Republicans have carried the Senate, Council, and entire delegation to Congress.

ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE SPIRITS.

A poor little girl, aged twelve, was found the other day, in Boston, fastened to a board, and quite dead. An inquest was held on her body, and it was made apparent that she came to her death by the ill-treatment of her father, one Gray, and his paramour, Mrs. Upham. The father is a spiritualist. Several witnesses testified to the neglect and cruelty of the father. Among others, Mrs. Hannah Edrehl "knew the deceased very well, and testified as to her behavior substantially as other witnesses. Mrs. Upham said to me, some three months since, that she had a new way of punishing Josephine—by shower-bath; her father smiled at the remark; my father heard the child cry on the night of her death; this was about 11 o'clock at night; I think that Mr. Gray and Mrs. Upham live together as man and wife."

The witnesses all agreed as to the condition of the deceased while at her father's house, subsequent to the death of her mother. Sufferings by cold, by want of care, and by a barbarous instrument of torture, were fully detailed.

The jury rendered the following verdict: "That she came to her death on the 6th of March, at No. 22 Oneida Street, about 4 o'clock A.M., from extreme exposure and other suffering contingent from long-continued barbarity and inhuman treatment of her father, Samuel W. Gray, and Philena Upham."

It is also in evidence that the deceased child was firmly bound to a narrow plank or board, with her arms pinioned, and that she was long confined in that position, and that her dead body was found in that position.

A LUCKY COACHMAN.

New York has been startled by the disclosure of a marriage between the daughter of one of our first merchants, Mr. Boker, and his coachman. The coachman, Dean, told his story to his lawyer, on applying for a *habeas corpus*, in the following terms:

"I'd been his coachman for nearly two years. In December he come to live here in the city, and I stopped in Tarrytown taking care of the horses. He advertised for a coachman two weeks before he come up, and then he discharged me because he knew that the daughter kept my company and I kept her company. He asked me if I'd resign her company, and I said not, and she said not; and he wanted me to go to California. And so when I come away I stopped here, and I addressed her a few lines, and he found it out. She answered three or four letters, and she got out on Wednesday. She slipped out, and we went to the Rev. Mr. Hatfield's, in Thirty-fourth Street, and he married us about half-past 12 o'clock in the daytime; then she slipped back again right off. She thought they wouldn't know any thing about it for a few days, and she'd get her clothes and we'd live together. Mr. Funke discharged one of the girls; he suspected that 'twas she that give the letters. Mr. Boker told her (Mary Ann) that he'd shoot me. He has never said any angry words to me. He won't let her out. The day she was going to be married she told him she

wanted to go out in company with another lady, but he wouldn't let her. She is over twenty-two. She told me that she didn't want to be led like a dog, and when her father went to his business she slipped out; and she's got a right to be married. He told me once he didn't blame me for gettin' married to her if I got a chance. I told him I didn't want his money nor hers. He said he'd see her dead and under the sod before she was married to me. I have been keeping her company about a year and a half. He's said every thing to her to make her resign me. When I come away he said, 'See the rascal how he run away! You couldn't see his face goin' through Tarrytown.' She told me so. I understand as how he would give her any thing at all if he could get her off from here. He was threatenin' to send her to Germany to get me out of her head; but I wouldn't plaze him. She's shut up there and he won't let her out. She hasn't ate any thing now for these three days. I feel bad to have her a-cryin' there all night and they all enjoyin' themselves. The wust of it is on account of my bein' Irish; but I'm as good a man as he is, if he is rich."

He would have obtained his wife, of course, but the father proposed to him to go to the West and establish himself in business, Mr. Boker furnishing the capital; and Dean consenting to this, he is to be separated from his wife for six months.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE Palmerston Government have triumphed over their Parliamentary opponents. The result of the debate in the House of Commons on Mr. Disraeli's motion against the budget of the Chancellor of the Exchequer resulted in the complete discomfiture of that gentleman, in spite of the support afforded him by Mr. Gladstone and other new allies. An amendment proposed by Mr. Bentinck, and supported by Sir John Tyrrell and other malcontent members of the old Protectionist Party, was first rejected by a vote of 477 to 25. The House then divided upon the main question, and Mr. Disraeli and his allies were defeated by a majority of 80, the numbers being 286 for the motion to go into Committee, and 206 for Mr. Disraeli's amendment. An important debate was opened in the House of Lords on the 24th ult., by the Earl of Derby, who then introduced his motion condemning the conduct of the British representatives in China, and the policy pursued by the Government with reference to the affairs of that empire. Lord Clarendon replied, and other Lords took part in the debate, which was then adjourned to the Thursday following. The debate was subsequently resumed, and resulted in a triumph for the Administration, by a vote of 146 against the motion and 110 in its favor.

LAWSUIT BETWEEN THE QUEEN AND HER SON.

On 26th ult., a curious case of arbitration came before Sir John Patteson, at the Privy Council Office. A dispute has arisen between the representatives of her Majesty the Queen, on the one hand, and the representatives of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, as Duke of Cornwall, on the other, in reference to the revenues of the under sea fisheries off the coast of Cornwall. Some idea of the difficulties which will attend the solution of this knotty point may be formed from the fact, that the documents which are to be submitted extend so far back as 300 years before the birth of Christ! The proceedings in the suit are of a perfectly friendly character, and have been referred to Sir John Patteson, in order that any litigation in Chancery may be saved. It has been agreed on both sides that his award shall be final.

THE NEW ORDER OF VICTORIA.

The Queen has created a new order, not of nobility, but of merit, something like the Legion of Honor in France. It has been already conferred on various persons, from generals to privates, in the army and navy. The honor is for the most part confined to those who have figured in the naval and military operations of the late war, and it embraces persons of all grades in the service, from those in high positions down to the humblest private. All the other distinctions conferred in the way of orders by the Queen are limited to persons of rank and position; but the new Order of Victoria will take the widest range, and be applicable to the noble and the worthy of every class and station.

MR. HAWTHORNE ROBBED.

Mr. Hawthorne's house at Liverpool has been broken into and plundered of jewelry and other valuable property to a considerable amount. The entrance was effected through a back portion of the premises. A report of the case having been made to the police, detective officer Laycock proceeded to a house in Stockdale Street, where he arrested two brothers, named John and James M'Donald, on suspicion of being concerned in the offense. On searching the place he found some wearing apparel, and a quantity of jewelry and other things, all of which were fully identified as portions of the property stolen from Mr. Hawthorne. It is understood that Mr. Hawthorne will retire from the Liverpool consulate on the expiration of his term. He was appointed and confirmed in the spring of 1853, but did not go out till some time in the summer. On quitting official life, he will travel for some time in Europe, and is expected to return home in August, 1858. His friends are not aware of his having written any thing during his residence in Liverpool.

A PLUCKY CLERGYMAN.

On 21st ult. burglars entered the residence of the Rev. J. Nodder, at Marsh Green, Ashover, a solitary house about half a mile from the village, and eight miles from Chesterfield. Mrs. Nodder slept (with her infant, of seven weeks old) in a room in front; Mr. Nodder's room was at the back, near those of the servants. Mrs. Nodder, while attending to the infant, heard a noise, and it being repeated, she went to the window, drew the blind a little aside, and saw a man outside, close to the glass. She immediately drew back, and, taking up the infant, rushed out of the room, closed the door, and held it. Then the glass and frame-work of the lower sash of the window were dashed in, and two men entered the room, from a ladder which had been taken from a stack-yard adjoining. Of course she was soon overpowered, when she rushed into the corridor, the door of which she locked outside. The burglars, however, with a "jemmy," broke the panels of the door, and then unlocked it, and from the corridor entered the bedroom occupied by Miss Heeley, a niece of Mr. Nodder, who was so alarmed that she sprang out of her bedroom window into the yard—a height of 14 feet—and (in her night-dress) ran to the rectory house in the village, a distance of three quarters of a mile. Mrs. Nodder having reached her husband's room, awakened him, and told him that thieves were in the house. He immediately armed himself with a brace of large horse-pistols, which were upon a cupboard in the room containing the plate. The burglars outside the room called out, "Now, lads! now, lads! come on; they're here." Mr. Nodder said, "If you enter here, I'll shoot you." The burglars took no heed, but forced the door open, and one of them entered the room with a black mask over his face, and a black gown over his clothes. He had a candle in his left hand which he held down toward the lower part of his body. Mrs. Nodder said to her husband, "Oh, my dear! give them what they want, or they will murder us!" Mr. Nodder stepped about three yards back, and said to the man, "I'll give you what you want," and he fired one of the pistols at him, and the shot entered his abdomen. The burglars then made a precipitate retreat, and as the wounded man ran the shot fell down from his clothes. They rushed into a bedroom, and jumped through a window, dashing the glass and frame-work out with them. Mr. Nodder rang the alarm-bell immediately, which brought about a dozen persons to the place, and a search was instantly made for the wounded man, as it was believed that he was so crippled with the shot and the leap through the window, that he could not escape from the neighborhood. The wounded burglar left traces of blood in the direction in which he ran, and the marks of blood and pieces of flesh on the window through which they had leaped, left no doubt that either one or both were severely cut. A large yard dog, which was turned loose at nights, made no alarm, having been drugged. Miss Heeley lies in a precarious state; she is suffering severely from an injury to the spine, and from great nervous excitement.

A COLLIERY EXPLOSION.

On the 20th February an explosion occurred in one of the shafts of the Lundhill Colliery, situated in the neighborhood of the town of Barnsley, South Yorkshire, by which between 150 and 170 lives are supposed to have been lost.

The explosion occurred at half-past twelve o'clock, and when, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the apparatus at the mouth of the pit could be repaired from the damage it sustained sufficiently to allow persons to descend, nineteen miners were found crowded about the bottom of the shaft, waiting to be drawn up. They were the fortunate few who had been working near the foot of the shaft. One of these died two days after from the injuries he received, but the majority escaped without harm.

In the mean time, the men who had descended the pit penetrated 400 or 500 yards along the main tram-ways to ascertain the state of the mine, and were then forced to recede by the density of the sulphur. They picked up thirteen dead bodies in the tram-ways, some of them frightfully mutilated. So far as they could ascertain, the force of the explosion had extended over the whole of the workings. They found the ventilation "stoppings" with the "benks" and boardways all blown out, and the earth and coal torn down in large masses, so as to effectually stop the course of ventilation in those parts of the pit where the miners had been at work. The consequence was that the workings were so charged with sulphur that it was utterly impossible to penetrate them; and any of the men who might not be killed by the primary effects of the explosion were necessarily left to perish miserably by the noxious gases.

THE COAL TAKES FIRE IN THE PIT.

While these measures were being taken in the hope of rescuing the poor fellows in the pit, a feature in connection with the catastrophe, of an unusual character, developed itself. We would here state that the air shaft is but 30 or 40 yards from the principal working shaft. It is surmounted by a capacious chimney, 20 feet in height. From 2 to 3 o'clock volumes of smoke were observed to issue from the air shaft, and this was succeeded at a later hour by an immense volume of flame. So tremendous had been the accumulations of inflammable gases in the pit that they had set the coal on fire, and it was blazing from a depth of more than 200 feet right out of the chimney top—a fact from which some idea may be gathered of the magnitude and intensity of the fire. The flames increased in volume until about 7 o'clock, when they rose to the height of 50 or 60 feet above the top of the chimney, illuminating the whole neighborhood. A large quantity of wood had been used in the lining of the air shaft, and the fire threw up to the height of some hundreds of feet an immense shower of sparks and burning pieces of wood, visible for miles round. The flames became so fierce as to threaten the destruction of an accumulation of coal and timber about the pit hill, and telegraphic messages were forwarded to Sheffield for fire-engines to prevent such an extension of the fire; but measures were in the meantime adopted which rendered their services unnecessary.

It became obvious that, unless something were done to cut off the draught by which the flames were being blown into the momentarily increasing fury, the fire must spread in the internal parts of the pit with fearful rapidity. In this state of affairs a conference of the proprietors and managers was held, and it was determined at once to close the mouths of the working shafts, through which air was drawn into the pit. This resolution was carried into effect in the most prompt manner. Planks of wood having been placed over the mouths of the shafts, loads of gravel were carted to the spot, and heaped upon the planks by scores of busy hands. So urgent was this step that it was not even delayed to raise the corpses which had been carried to the bottom of the principal shaft. The success of the plan was speedily apparent. The flames began to abate almost before it was completed, and by half-past eight o'clock had altogether disappeared from above the surface.

Almost simultaneously with the opening of the pit, long rows of cottage houses sprang up in its immediate vicinity, and are inhabited chiefly by miners and their families. The sounds of weeping and wailing which issued from these dwellings on the evening of the explosion, when it became manifest that the persons still left in the pit were hopelessly lost, were truly heart-rending. At last accounts, the proprietors still feared to reopen the pits.

FRANCE.

THE CARNIVAL.

The Carnival is over. During the last week the *Bœuf-gras* was of course the most prominent object of interest in Paris. On Sunday the *Bœuf* commenced his peregrinations through the streets of the capital, followed by the usual procession, which yearly becomes more ragged and ridiculous. The gentlemen of the procession had evidently not washed themselves since last year's ceremony; the ladies presented an unpalatable compound of immense moral courage and intense personal ugliness. The English alliance was represented in the person of a gentleman of large proportions, who, having obtained celebrity in his native isle as the "Norfolk Giant," now forms the chief attraction at the "Café du Geant," on the Boulevards. The fat beeves were very fat, their horns were gilt, and the weather was fine. The Bœuf, as is known, visits all public functionaries. He went to see the new Persian Embassador Ferukh Khan, who, not knowing of the existence of this custom of the Parisians, and not being advised that he was to receive any such visit, was thrown into great consternation by this singular apparition before his door. In seeing a troop of heathen gods with clubs on their shoulders surrounding the door, the poor Persians thought sure enough they had fallen among the heathens, and were about to prepare for a vigorous defense, when the affair was explained to them. It has given the Orientals the impression that the French are a semi-barbarous people, altogether inferior to their own in civilization.

FANCY BALL COSTUMES.

The grandest fancy ball of the season was the one given by the Countess Walewski at the Hotel of Foreign Affairs. Count Walewski and the Countess Walewski received their guests, the former in a black costume of the time of Louis XVI., with powder and the grand blue cordon; and the latter in the mythological costume of Diana, the huntress. After a splendid supper the ball concluded, as usual, by a cotillion, which was conducted by the Count de Raincourt, who wore the uniform of a musketeer of the time of Louis XV., with the Countess Walewski as his partner. Almost all the ladies of the court had adopted the powdered and ribboned style of Madame de Pompadour. Several ladies, among whom were Mesdames Strozzi, De Hatzfeld, De Beyens, De Pavia, &c., had adopted a domino trimmed with lace and flowers, and so arranged as to allow them to dance. The Princess Mathilde figured as a marquise of the time of Louis XV., and wore a dress of blue damask; the Princess Joachim Murat was also a marquise of the same reign, and wore a dress of white damask, with roses and diamonds; Madame de la Poise, one of the ladies of the Empress, Madame de Chassiron, and the Princess Poniatowski, and about thirty other ladies, wore likewise the costumes of marquises of the time of Louis XV. The Spanish embassadress, the Countess de Serrano, wore the costume of Isabel de Valois—a very high dress with a large cross on the breast. The Countess de Castiglione (who was one of the few who had the courage to abandon crinoline) wore a very original costume of exquisite taste—appearing as the Queen of Hearts, crowned with a heart, her hair falling down on her shoulders, a dress with large folds falling straight, ornamented with various colors, and with heraldic bearings at one side. Mademoiselle Louise Magnan, daughter of the marshal, wore a hunting costume of the time of Louis XV. Madame de Seebach wore the costume of the wife of a Boyard of the time of Peter the Great—a dress of cloth of gold, trimmed with furs, and a profusion of diamonds. The Princess Callimaki was in the costume of Maria de Medicis, and had the hardihood to wear a frill of enormous dimensions. The Princess Czartoriski, who arrived from Rome three days before, had a charming costume of a *bourgeoise* of the time of Louis XVI., with a large bonnet *à la Necker*. Madame Dubois l'Estang looked charming as a grisette of the time of Louis XV. Madame Poujade, niece of the Prince Caimacan of Wallachia, was dressed as a peasant girl of the Danube; the Marquise de Portes was as a native of Cracow; the two daughters of Baron de Hubner were as village brides of the Opera Comique; Madame Fleury, widow of the general, wore the costume of a lady of the Court of Louis XVI., a silk dress of large designs, gigantic hoop, and a head-dress of several ranges surmounted with feathers. The Countess Stephanie Tascher de la Pagerie wore the costume of a marquise of Louis XV.; Madame Gensano looked well as a Neapolitan peasant, and Madame de Brigode was superb in the costume of a Bohemian lady.

LAST BALL AT THE TUILERIES.

The last grand ball at the Tuileries was more than usually splendid; the Empress, whose dancing till a late hour with great animation seems to contradict a rumor which was becoming pretty general as to fresh prospects of an addition to the Imperial family, was dressed in pink crape, with a tunic of English point-lace, the front of the corsage covered with emeralds and diamonds; the head-dress consisted of a diadem of emeralds and diamonds, with the back hair attached by, and falling in ringlets over, the comb. The dress, however, that perhaps attracted the greatest attention was that of the beautiful Comtesse Castiglione, consisting of a gown of red satin, covered with *bouillonnés* of red crape below, and a lace tunic above. The coiffure was composed of two red feathers, fastened in the middle at the point of the forehead, and turning backward round the ears. The dress and general appearance of the Duke of Brunswick attracted the attention of all beholders. He wore a tunic so covered with embroidery that the color thereof was hardly to be discovered; red trowsers, scarcely less embroidered; the cockade and epaulets of jewels that figured at the Exhibition, and fourteen orders in brilliants, seven at the right side, and as many at the left. An accident, in which a voltigeur of the Imperial Guard contrived, in waltzing, to let his partner fall on the knees of the Emperor, excited a good deal of confusion and merriment.

THE FRENCH PROTESTANTS FRATERNAL BUT SEVERE.

The French Protestant clergymen, with the elders and deacons of all the Protestant churches, have come together to prepare a "fraternal but severe remonstrance" to the Protestant slaveholders of America. The address, which has been most extensively signed, asserts that Protestantism has been charged with its toleration of slavery, and conjures the American Protestants to wipe out this reproach.

THE JEWEL TRADE.

If jewels are necessaries of life, as was contended the other day in an English court of justice, necessaries are going to rise in price. The money scattered on Turkish soil during the war begins to flow back, and since Orientals like to place their money in jewels, the demand has become so great as to enhance the value of diamonds. The Sultan being about to give away his daughter to the son of the Egyptian Viceroy, has ordered jewelry for her to the extent of £100,000. Even her slippers are to be set with diamonds, and the setting of her fan and mirror is valued at £20,000. The orders for the Queen of England and the King of Belgium, both of whom are to give away their daughters in the course of the year, are quite considerable.

ITALY.

PROGRESS OF TYRANNY.

The condition of affairs in Italy grows worse, absolutely, every day. It is said that the Russian and Prussian Ministers urge concessions, but without effect; and that the disaffection of the people begins to show itself in overt hostility to the Government. Regarding these things, the London *Post* is induced to believe that some catastrophe is imminently impending, and that before a month—perhaps before a week—we may have to record an outbreak, a revolution, the flight of the King, or his resignation of an authority to the duties and obligations of which his Majesty is plainly unequal.

AN ILLUSTRATION.

The Prince de C——, whose attachment to the Bourbons has never been doubted, has, it appears, a housekeeper, who has lived with him for a long time. The housekeeper had a child, who is now about sixteen or seventeen years of age, and who is supposed, rightly or wrongly, to be the natural son of the Prince. Antonio Salvi, the lad in question, had been recommended by the Prince to the superintendent of the royal stables, and as he was an admirable horseman, as well as a remarkably handsome youth, he employed him as an outrider. It appears that one day Antonio was in the stables at Caserta, and thinking no one else was present, he took a piece of *amadou*, or prepared tinder, and rubbed it against the wall, in order to light his cigar. At the slight crackling noise it made, the servant, who was on guard at the stable door, entered, and seeing a sort of match which is not much used here, as well as the embarrassment of the youth, as the lighting of a match is an infraction of the regulations, he at once concluded that Antonio Salvi intended to set fire to the building. At the cry of the servant, the other attendants ran up. Antonio was laid hold of and at once considered and treated as a Mazzinian of the worst class. He was beaten, and had his clothes torn, and then was dragged off to the Commissary of Police, who began his examination by boxing him on the face, and nearly knocking him down. He told the truth of the affair, and showed the cigar which he still held in his hand. He was asked where he got the prepared tinder; he replied that he had got a piece from one of the grooms of the Count d'Aquilar, the King's brother. The groom was at once sent for, and interrogated in his turn. This unfortunate man, seeing the importance attached to such a trifle, and frightened at the danger to himself, denied that he had ever given any to Antonio. The consequence was that the youth was at once set down as an incendiary. He was sent forthwith to Naples, thrown into the horrible charnel-house of the Santa Maria Apparente, and put to the torture. His mother heard of the affair, and the Prince de C—— lost no time in making inquiry about it, and in trying to get the unfortunate young man out of the scrape. Instead of rendering him assistance, the house of the Prince himself was visited on the suspicion that he also was an accomplice. In the mean time, Antonio was beaten with a *nerf de bœuf*, and his body presented one huge wound. This horrible punishment could not wring from him any other avowal than the one he already gave, and he is incapable of inventing any. Of course the object is to ascertain if he has accomplices. The magistrates, even if there be any yet among them who remain uncorrupted, will not dare to act according to their conscience, and they will be *obliged* to condemn him.

AN AMERICAN SUFFERING THE COMMON LOT.

Our Minister, Mr. Owen, has been in communication with the Government, for the following reasons: About two years ago, a man called Ignatio Laurio presented himself to his Excellency, and claimed a portion of bounty land in the territory of the United States, on the ground that he had served as a musician on board one of the American vessels, in the last war—that of 1812. Mr. Owen informed him that he must give proofs of the facts, and being unable to do so, recommended him to go on board every American vessel and seek for some one who could identify him. A few days since, on going on board the *Susquehannah*, he found that the captain had served in the same vessel with himself, and that, though unable to identify him personally, he was so assured of the truth of his story, from his narrative of facts, that he gave him a certificate to that effect, which Mr. Owen now possesses. On the day after Laurio's success, his wife presented herself to his Excellency, in great trouble, to announce the arrest of her husband, as she believed, for having gone on board. Mr. Owen directly called on Signor Bianchini, the Director of Police, and stated the facts. Bianchini knew nothing of them, but promised inquiry, and on Friday night or Saturday an answer was sent to the effect that Laurio had been arrested, not by the police, but by order of his superior, Laurio being a sergeant in the Veterans. This leaves the matter, of course, just where it was, and the presumption is just as strong now as it was before that the man was arrested for visiting the *Susquehannah*.

POVERO PADRE.

The latest accounts from Naples mention an incident which occurred recently at Caserta. A poor priest, covered with a heavy cloak, happened to meet King Bomba while taking a walk. Desirous of showing his zeal, the priest endeavored to extricate his right arm from the cloak in order to salute his Majesty. A soldier, construing this movement into a hostile intention, cut the priest to the ground with his sabre. It was subsequently ascertained that the unlucky priest was a government spy.

EXECUTION OF BARON BENTIVENGA.

The execution of Baron Bentivenga, at Palermo, was announced some time ago; but the circumstances under which it took place are not generally known. It appears that Government, for reasons best known to itself, insinuated to the Grand Criminal Court that it should declare itself incompetent to try Bentivenga, and send the case to a court-martial. The accused, however, appealed for decision of the question to the Supreme Court. Notwithstanding this, and while the case was still pending, the court-martial tried, condemned, and shot Bentivenga. The advocates of the accused demanded that the Supreme Court should declare that there was no ground for deliberation, as the appellant had been shot, and the demand was complied with. It is for this reason that Bentivenga is, in Sicily, regarded as a martyr, and his execution regarded as murder.

CHINA.

PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

The news from China is rather important. A dispatch from Trieste states that a numerous Chinese fleet had attacked the English naval forces, and had afterward retired in good order, under protection of the forts at Canton. Admiral Seymour had landed some troops, and set fire to the greater part of the Faubourg of Canton, and of the fleet of the Chinese rebels, which had joined the Imperialists at Whampoa. It was thought that the object of the junction of the two Chinese fleets was to enable the united fleets to make an attack upon the English. The Paris *Pays* says: "Private letters from Macao, of January 10, state that the Emperor of China has placed the five ports of the empire which are open to Europeans in a state of siege. Should this news be confirmed, the consequences to European commerce would be very serious."

Letters have been received in Paris from the China Seas. They announce that on the 3d of January the Mandarin Syh, Governor of Shanghai, died suddenly. The news is said to have produced great fermentation among the lower classes of the population, who accused the Europeans of his death. For two days serious disturbances were apprehended, but owing to the presence of the French and English ships and the energy of the commandant of the Tartar troops, who co-operated with them, tranquillity was maintained. According to the latest accounts the town was tranquil.

NICARAGUA.

WALKER IN THE ASCENDANT.

The news from Nicaragua is highly favorable to Walker.

The *Trent* acknowledges partial successes gained by Colonels Titus and Lockridge over the Costa Rican forces, stationed at various points along the San Juan river up to the lake; which, taken into consideration as emanating from at least lukewarm sources, would indicate that General Walker's star is again in the ascendency.

The Aspinwall *Courier*, in its extra of the 3d March, mentions that "Walker's party have forced their way up the San Juan river to the lake, with but trifling loss, and the capture of very considerable amounts of arms and provisions, and the saving of another steamer, the *J. N. Scott*."

CANADA.

FRIGHTFUL RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

The most terrible railway accident remembered occurred on March 12 in Canada.

The train from Toronto, due in Hamilton at a quarter before six P.M. in the evening, had come from Toronto as was usual, and was proceeding at a moderate rate of speed to pass the swing bridge across the Desjardin's canal. A cutting has been made as an outlet to this canal through the Burlington Heights, and the railway crosses it by a swing bridge sixty feet at least above the level of the canal. At this time, of course, the water below is covered with ice about two feet thick.

Just before the train reached the bridge the engine ran off the track, owing, it is supposed, to some defect in the axle. This, however, is a mere surmise, founded only on the observation of some marks on the road for some distance on the other side of the spot where the accident occurred. The immense weight of the engine, cutting through the timber of the bridge, produced the effect naturally to be expected. The whole structure gave way, and with one frightful crash, the engine, tender, baggage car, and two first-class passenger cars, broke through the severed frame-work, and leaped, headlong, into the yawning abyss below. The engine and tender crushed at once through the ice. The baggage car, striking the corner of the tender in the act of falling, was thrown to one side, and fell some ten yards from the engine. The first passenger car rushed after, and turning as it descended, fell on its roof, breaking partly through the ice and was crushed to atoms, while the last car fell endwise on the ice, and, strange to say, remained in that position.

The loss of life was of course frightful. There were ninety passengers on the train, and the list of those who have escaped only numbers about twenty. As far as we can yet learn, every one in the first car was killed; those who were not crushed being drowned by the water, which nearly filled the car. About thirty were in the last car, of whom ten were taken out dead, and most of the others were fearfully mutilated. The conductor, Mr. Barrett, the deputy superintendent of the line, Mr. Muir, and Mr. Jessop, one of the auditors, who were on the hind platform, jumped off and escaped. The express messenger, Mr. ——, Mr. Richardson, a conductor on the road, and the mail conductor, were with the baggage man. The latter jumped over the baggage he had piled up, ready for delivery, and escaped with but slight injury, while the three others went down, but, miraculously enough, were not much hurt. The engineer and fireman went under the ice with the locomotive, and their bodies have not yet been recovered.

A rush was made to the scene of the disaster as soon as the news reached Hamilton. But it was no easy task to descend the steep slope to the canal. Ropes were lowered and ladders attached to them, on which the dead and wounded from the car, which stood endwise, were first drawn up. Then the bottom of the car which had partly sunk through the ice, was hewn away with axes, and the unfortunate passengers, some sadly mutilated and even cut in pieces, and all saturated with water, were taken out. As soon as the dead were drawn up the slope they were either put in the cars for conveyance to Hamilton, or were laid in a small house near the bridge. It is said that there was one family in the cars, consisting of a father, mother, and four children. Only one of the children escaped: One little one, a girl, about four years of age, was brought to the house smiling prettily, as if she had been sleeping and dreaming of sweet things when the accident occurred, and had been launched into the sleep of death before the dream had vanished from her mind.

MR. ZIMMERMAN.

One of the most distinguished citizens of Canada, Mr. Zimmerman, is among the victims. He was a native of Pennsylvania, from which State he went, a poor boy, to Canada, where he had amassed great wealth. He was a man in the prime of life, and possessed of great energy and enterprise. Mr. Z. made much of his fortune as a contractor on the Great Western Railway. He was the President of the Zimmerman Bank. With the great enterprises about Suspension Bridge and Clifton, and, indeed, in all Canada West, he was identified. He was married during the last year. He was the owner of the famous Clifton House, in the vicinity of which is his own private residence—a princely mansion.

THE FLORIDA WAR.

This amusing pastime continues to be popular with our army. No battles have lately taken place, but a small party has sacked an Indian town, taken the poultry and pigs, but has seen no savages. The war is as yet uninteresting. We may, however, expect soon to hear more stirring accounts, as General Harney is concentrating his troops in the Indian country, and on the arrival of Jumper and his band will open the ball.

A CRUISE TO THE SOMERS ISLANDS.

ST. GEORGE'S TOWN.

I AM much better. Quite well, in fact. I can walk fifteen miles before work, eat a good-sized fowl for dinner, and, when necessary, stick to the desk ten hours out of the waking sixteen. So I think I may say I am well. And all this is due to my 'Mudian cruise. When Mrs. Jones said to me, "Jones, my dear, I think you had better try a trip to Bermuda," I could have sworn at her. The thing was so ridiculous. To send one to a convict-station! But I have noticed that when Mrs. J. says she thinks a thing ought to be, it always is. So, as I said, I had my 'Mudian cruise, and can walk fifteen miles, etc., as aforesaid. I knew all about the Bermudas beforehand very well indeed. That is to say, I remembered that Sir George Somers had been wrecked there; and returning thither for pork, had left his own bones, without disturbing those of the pigs. I must say that, in my judgment, Bermuda is an uncommonly comfortable place to be wrecked on. As to the pigs, I can not say much. We had a fine ham at breakfast one day, and I made it the text of some rather deep historical allusions, which, I saw, made a strong impression on two British officers who were breakfasting with me. But, on inquiry, I found that the ham had been cured at Cincinnati. I forget the brand, but it was good.

If I had to choose a place to be wrecked on—not being much of a nautical man, or fond of being wrecked in the abstract—I should say, take me up the great sound, between Inland and Hamilton Islands, drag me slowly over the lovely coral reefs, which I can see sleeping under the counterpane of blue water, give me time to sip the delightful landscape, the dark cedar groves, and the sweet little green islands, peeping up in a modest way, as if they were afraid the waves would forget to cover their necks and shoulders; then dash me, on the top of the bright curling surf, upon the cleanest part of the soft sand-beach under Somerset Hills. For a moderate compensation, and a proper amount of celebrity, I would not mind a shipwreck of this sort.

But the common, vulgar wreck—the being dashed, in a brutal way, at night, on hard and rocky parts of the islands, with the prospect of sharks pecking at your legs before you can get to shore—appears a very disgusting sort of introduction to Bermuda. And I confess I do not envy Juan Bermudez, the Spaniard, who earned the credit of discovering the islands and loaning them his name by this process. Juan, saith the chronicle, drove the same trade as St. George, the patron saint of England: he sold pork. He had a ship-load of it with him when he was wrecked; but, happily for his successors, it was not barreled. The swine, when the ship struck, took to the sea and swam ashore. Finding the place pleasant and fruitful, they renounced allegiance to Juan, and set up for themselves. Whether the climate did not agree with them, or their harvests failed, the next shipwrecked mariners who fell upon the islands found them so lean that they could not be eaten. I am happy to say that they speedily got rid of this fault. When the Somers and Gates party landed they reveled in fat pork.

They were the third expedition which had paid a compulsory visit to Bermuda. The ship which carried them was on its way to Virginia. When she struck, some were for jumping overboard. It was a very nice question. They saw enough to assure them that the sharks would oppose their landing successfully; and, with regard to the island itself, they knew that it was "a den of furies and devils; the most unfortunate, dangerous, and forlorn place in the world." While they were debating, the wind fell. Sharks were voted more terrible foes than furies and devils; they launched the boats and landed. The only furies and devils they found they brought with them; they were respectable varieties of the species. On that desert shore, under their palmetto cabins, thankful to Providence for a meal of half-cooked fish, or a rasher of bacon, done in the coals, the two knights fought furiously for precedence. They said afterward, in an official report, that they had lived in "peace and plenty." I am afraid there is no doubt that the plenty was unaccompanied by the peace. Perhaps we ought not to uncover the vail which time is spreading over the blemishes of these fine old men; but if the truth must be known, they scolded at each other from morning till night, and could hardly build

COOLY.

their cedar vessels for wrangling. They shot one poor fellow for mutiny, and left two more behind with the hogs when they sailed away—so fatal is it for the rank and file to follow the example of their leaders.

Poor Sir George Somers! An old man of eighty, with a rich estate in England, and much esteemed both at Court and among the people—it was a singularly adventurous idea of his to return to Bermuda for more of that pork. But the Virginians were in the starving time; and so, as we said, the old knight laid his bones on the spot where a grateful people have since built the city of St. George's—thus economically commemorating with one stroke the ancient mariner and his patron saint.

After this a census was taken of the population of Bermuda. It was found to consist of four individuals, one of whom was a dog. Dissensions arose among these inhabitants. Meetings were

NEGRO.

held, and popular feeling among the four ran high. Rancor led at last to open conflict, in which the dog took an active part. Happily no lives were lost, though casualties were general. It is believed that the turmoil ended in the establishment of an oligarchy.

It was superseded by a governor from England, who arrived with a party of sixty colonists. Governor More was a carpenter. One of his colonists was a Puritan preacher. The preacher conspired against the Governor, and compared him to Pharaoh, Ahab, and other unpleasantly eminent persons of the Old Testament; but the Governor caught the preacher on the chapel steps, and made him apologize, under pain of having his nose taken off with a jack-plane.

Another early governor was, it is believed, the genuine original Dan Tucker. Dan was a sort of Oriental potentate. He coined brass money with a hog on one side, and paid his men therewith. If they grumbled, he hanged them. The plan was found to answer very well. Dan never required to hang more than one per cent. of his subjects in the course of the year. They built a government house of cedar; Dan liked it, and took it for himself. This answered, too.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century the Bermudians turned pirates. Their governor, one Richier, was a pirate by choice and vocation; the people readily fell in with his views. They seized a good many ships, and hanged several crews. This was quite the thing at the time, provided the ships and crews hailed from Spain or France. The Governor of Jamaica was a retired pirate, who had been knighted for his eminence in his peculiar line.

When piracy went out of fashion the Bermudians took to trade. It was less romantic, but more profitable in the end. They tried salt. But the Spaniards caught the salt-gatherers one day, and salted them. Ship-building, arrow-root, cedar, and grain were safer and better. The first became the 'Mudian passion, and, so far as I can judge, is so still. Agriculture has only lately become prosperous. Eighteen years ago, there were but three plows in Bermuda; now they say there are near two hundred. But laborers are scarce. Three shillings English are an average rate of wages for field hands. Almost as good a trade as farming is politics. The Government of the colony is a compromise between two despotisms—that of the English Secretary of State by his instrument the Governor, and that of a snug little body called a Legislature, elected by a few pocket constituencies, of a couple of dozen qualified electors each. I am not a politician, and won't undertake to describe how these institutions work; but, so far as I could learn, the principle and joint of the Government machine is the salary of $2 a day paid to members of Assembly; they can be made to do almost any thing the Governor wants by a threat of prorogation, for their pay stops when the session ends. One member, a carpenter by trade, has his "form" outside the Assembly room, and works all day during the session at odd jobs, running in when the House divides to give his vote.

I ought, before going any farther, to say that Bermuda (or the Bermudas, or the Somers Islands, as they are sometimes called) is a group of over three hundred islands. The people think it a pretty idea to have an island for each day of the year, and they say there are 365; I never counted them. Most of these islands are mere rocks, which a gull of enlarged ideas would despise as a lodging. The six great islands — St. George's, Hamilton, a great Bermuda, Somerset, Walford, Boaz, and Ireland — contain 12,000 souls, exclusive of military and convicts. Of these 12,000, about 8000 are colored; and of the remaining 4000, about 2500 to 3000 are females. Quite a pocket affair, you see.

But society is an elaborate contrivance of numerous cliques, which it requires study to master. In the first place, there are the honorables, the members of council; they can not be expected to associate with the grocer and the tailor. Nor can the clergy and the bar, though a judge's son has been known to sell treacle. Again, among the storekeepers, A B, who has been through the Latin grammar, can hardly be found fault with for not knowing, socially, C D, who spells potatoes *pott-8-ose*. The navy men, who are very hospitable when their ships are

THE SOMERS ISLANDS FROM THE HILL.

on the station, try hard to efface these terrible distinctions, and every body who is white, and washes his or her hands, is asked to their balls. But the ball is merely an armed truce; even on the way home the feuds break out. The ladies of St. George's will not know the ladies of Hamilton; and the poor Somerset girls are tabooed by both. When a young traveler at the close of a ball, just after the departure of the Hamilton ladies, asked a Somerset lady to dance, the indignant fair one replied—"No, I shan't. Now that the Hamilton ladies are gone, you ask me!" No doubt this rivalry is imbittered by the disproportion between the demand for and supply of husbands. Most of the 'Mudian youths emigrate to the United States, thus leaving their sweet-hearts to pine in spinsterhood. Hence an extraordinary number of—shall I say it?—old maids. I believe, on my soul, that every second person in Somerset is an old maid. Latterly I became afraid to go there. When a big English ship arrives on the station, and gives a ball, as usual, no matter how many military and naval gentlemen assemble, they are swallowed up and lost to sight among the tarletan and gauze dresses. (I wish to remark, parenthetically, that I am not sure about these being the materials of Bermudian ball-dresses. My friend Smith, who is a wag, assured me that the 'Mudian girls have no other ball-dresses but their mosquito curtains, which are starched up, ironed out, and puckered into a skirt in the afternoon, then spread over beauty's couch at midnight. This may be the case with Smith's friends. But I saw crinoline and hoops in abundance at Mrs. Craft's, at Hamilton.)

SUMMER SLEEPING-TENTS.

Whether the same deficiency of husbands exists among the colored population, I had no means of ascertaining. But I will do the ladies of color the

"I CUT YOU TROAT."

justice of stating that they do not degenerate into old maids. The usual colloquy between a lady engaging a servant and the aspirant for the place is as follows:

LADY. Are you married?

SERVANT. No.

LADY. Have you any children?

SERVANT. Yes.

LADY. How many?

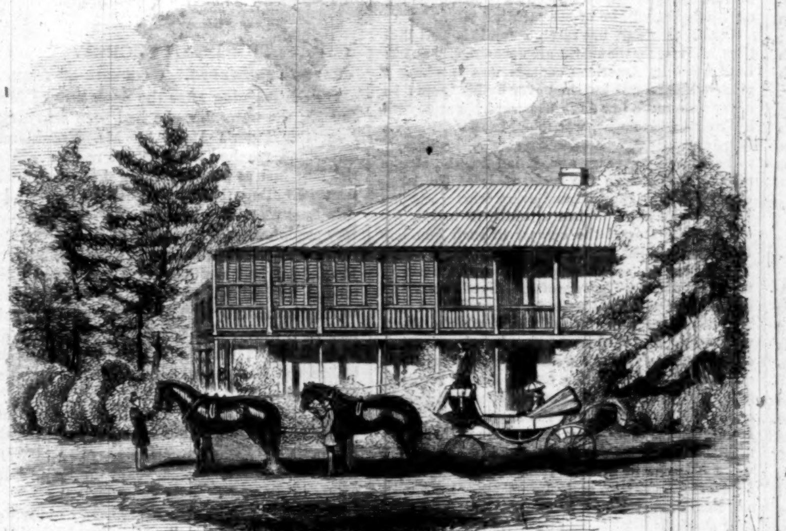
SERVANT. Two, three, four, up to half a dozen, as the case may be.

This is so well understood that no lady is shocked, or even surprised, at the evidence of unblessed maternity.

SHIPPING GOODS IN A HEAVY SEA.

I was very glad to hear that, at the time of the general emancipation, the freed negroes had taken the name of their old masters, or of leading men in the colony. Otherwise, I might have been shocked at the numbers of mulattoes bearing well-known surnames. I should say there were near a thousand Tuckers altogether—a neat compliment to old Dan, in any sense. But for the emancipation business, one might apply to him the boast of the Roi d'Yvetot.

> Ses sujets avaient cent raisons
> De le nommer leur père.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, BERMUDA.

Emancipation, by-the-way, is a failure in Bermuda, as elsewhere. The whites tried last year to retrace their steps by enacting compulsory laws obliging the negroes to labor; but the higher authorities would not hear of them, and Sambo revels in unwashed idleness. He is the same slothful, improvident, greasy, immoral, untruthful, dishonest, good-tempered, jolly dog that we all know: he can live on a pennyworth of molasses a day, and sleep under a calabash-tree. The women fight and wrangle more than would be tolerated in any of the United States; you constantly meet with irate dames, who, in stage fashion, half turn their backs upon one another, and jerk out apostrophes—"I mash you up!"—"I cut you troat!"—"You dirty beast, you sodjer's wife!"—which last appellation, by-the-way, is the *ne plus ultra* of vituperation.

If the Bermudas are ever to become an important and a useful colony—they cost England about $25,000 a year for the expenses of government, and, latterly, an average of not less than $100,000 a year for fortifications and military works—they must have labor. No doubt the Coolie system is destined to a trial there. I have my own opinions on the issue. Any thing would be better than free negroes, but—no matter.

Perhaps you would like to know what England gets for her money. She gets one of the most convenient penal stations she has. The 'Mudians have not the spirit of the Cape Colonists. They don't object to convicts; nor have they any gold to attract independent settlers to their shores. So England sends them the people she doesn't want to hang, but objects to keep.

I have my business to attend to—not to speak of Mrs. J.—otherwise I don't know that I would object to spending a short time at Bermuda as a convict. Seriously, I envy the rascals. There are about 1200 of them altogether—murderers, house-breakers, felons of every description, men who have committed every horrible crime under the sun. A man can choose his society though, even here; Kirwan, the painter, who impaled his wife on a sword-cane, and threw the poor woman into the water afterward, is quite an entertaining companion. As to work, the convicts have nine hours of it in summer and eight in winter; the work, building storehouses and fortifications, and attending hospitals, etc. In summer time they do not work between 11 A.M. and 2 P.M.; and the rules require that even at other hours they should be kept in the shade as much as possible. On the least illness they are sent to hospital, where they live on the fat of the land. The usual proportion thus "hospitally" treated is seven to eight per cent. Their food while well is 1 lb. 11 oz. bread, 1¼ lb. meat, *and half a gill of rum per day*, besides sweet and rich cocoa for breakfast and tea. They are paid three-pence English per day for their work; and if they choose to exert themselves, as free laborers are obliged to do, they can earn six-pence. Till within a year or two, no convict fulfilled his term of punishment. Six years was the average period of confinement under sentences for fourteen or for life. Last year the British government sent word that convicts must serve out their time; but this injunction will soon be broken through. Take it altogether, the convict's life is a very fair average existence. Under such a climate, clothed, fed, and well lodged, obliged to obey the rules which daily experience proves to be the secret of happiness, and buoyed up by the hope that some day soon they will surprise their friends by a premature reappearance among them with a nice little capital accumulated during their term of punishment, I confess I am not surprised that attempts to escape are extremely rare. I have always thought that to a man of certain habits a term on Blackwell's Island must be a pleasant and refreshing season of repose; but a sentence to Bermuda is still more desirable.

When a stranger visits the hulks, one of the first characters he is shown is Sydney Jack. Sydney Jack helped to kill a clergyman a few years ago, and he certainly looks like a bold, determined villain. He tried to save himself on his trial by giving evidence, on the strength of which his own brother was hanged. Sentenced to Sydney, he escaped, was recaptured, and conveyed to Bermuda. He had not been there very long before he planned an escape. He had four companions, all of whom he deserted as soon as they had broken loose; he robbed a dwelling-house of provisions, stole a boat, and put to sea all alone. He was several days afloat trying to make the American coast; but one day he drifted up to a Bermudian whaler, and surrendered to the crew. They handed him to the Governor of the island. He was heavily ironed and made to work at the hardest work. A few months afterward, as he was going to church with two other convicts and a warder, he suddenly attacked the warder, tied him to a tree, threw off his own and his companions' irons, and made for a boat lying close by. By the merest chance the ballast had been taken out of the boat; she nearly capsized when the convicts leaped into her, and they were forced to take to the woods, where, of course, they were soon caught. Jack was more heavily ironed than ever after this. Now he has given such evidence of good conduct that he goes about free of manacles; and the warders say that he is an altered man. I should not like to trust him myself.

NEGRO GIRL'S LEG—ELEPHANTIASIS.

I mentioned Kirwan. When he arrived at Bermuda he was waited upon by another convict, Garrett, a gold-dust robber. Garrett observed that for some time he had been considered the chief of "that place;" but that, inasmuch as a mere robber could not venture to compete with a murderer, and especially so scientific an operator as the Irish painter, he now begged to resign the honor to Mr. Kirwan. They say that the latter was highly indignant; but the convicts generally consider him the Dorrit of the establishment. Garrett was soon after liberated, and lived for some time in splendor on the proceeds of the robbery for which he had been sentenced. When the fund was exhausted he robbed a bank in Melbourne, Australia, and was again sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

John Mitchell, the Irishman, was quite a lion in Bermuda during his short stay there. In consideration of the character of his offense, he was not

A PRIVATE RESIDENCE.

compelled to work with the convicts, or to wear the prison dress. He employed himself as he chose; the only bar to his enjoyment being his deprivation of liberty. Governor Elliott, a simple man, who could not divine the views of the British Government, never thought of the simple expedient of letting him out on parole. The Australian officials were shrewder. Poor Elliott bothered himself terribly about filibusters from New York. First he thought they intended to seize Mitchell. Then he fancied they might want to carry off the Governor himself, as though any thing could have been done with a strayed British Governor. He had no peace till the British Government yielded to his entreaties, and sent Mitchell far away from the terrible Yankee sympathizers.

A few liberated convicts have been allowed to settle on the island. One of them, Mr. Facy, is well known to every body. His case was a very hard one. When he was quite a boy, he took one of his father's horses, and, in company with two wild companions, sold the horse and spent the money. The father, desiring to give his son a lesson, had him arrested and brought before a magistrate. He expected that the magistrate would send him to prison for a week. But, to his horror, the statute against horse-stealing being clear, the lad was committed for trial at the assizes, and was sentenced to fourteen years' transportation. Being an orderly, well-behaved youth, he soon regained his liberty, and set up a livery stable at Hamilton. This was some twenty-five years ago. Facy is now a rich man; keeps the best livery stable on the island, and has a mail contract. Some years since, having embarked in a disastrous speculation, he lost a portion of his savings, which, coming to his father's ears, the old man wrote to condole with his son, and inquired if it were true that he had relapsed, and was working on the roads under an overseer? Facy thanked the old gentleman kindly, said he wasn't quite so much reduced as he seemed to suppose, and inclosed a check for £150 as a tribute of affection. He has the best horses—except, perhaps, the Governor's—on the island. Most of the horses one sees are wretched brutes, imported from this country; whence the wits of Bermuda say that Brother Jonathan considers their islands as a horse hospital, and sends thither no cattle but the halt, the maimed, and the blind.

It is well known that Alonzo, King of Naples, returning from Tunis, where he had married his fair daughter Claribel to the King, was shipwrecked on the island of Bermuda. Nautically considered, his Majesty's course was singular; but it is death without benefit of clergy, in Bermuda, to doubt that this was the Isle of Prospero, Ariel, and Caliban. I should not be surprised myself to hear that the *Royal Gazette* maintained that Shakspeare was a Bermudian, or, at the least, had been to the islands on a visit. One thing is certain; Moore went there. The 'Mudians show you, with tears in their eyes, the calabash-tree under which the little warbling toady used to sit in fine weather. I bore the spectacle pretty well—with considerable fortitude, I may say: having read Lord John's Memoir. A much more interesting sight was the pretty Miss ——, the grand-daughter of the Nea whom Moore sang in so queer a strain:

> Oh! trust me, 'twas a place, an hour,
> The worst that e'er the tempter's power
> Could tangle me or you in;
> Sweet Nea, let us roam no more
> Along that wild and lonely shore;
> Such walks may be our ruin.

I hope she followed the advice; and very likely she did, for Moore tired of Bermuda in three months, came to this country, and was ruined very prettily in his absence by his deputy. It is not surprising that he declared there were no materials for a history of that place.

The best, in fact the only sport for a visitor to Bermuda is boating. To say nothing of the wretchedness of the horses, and the monstrous prices charged by their owners, one soon tires of the long drive from end to end of the islands. The view is far more lovely from the water, and the sea-breeze is delightful. Indeed, a pleasure more delicious than a sail on a bright evening before sunset, through the countless islands, with a well-chosen company, in a trim 'Mudian boat, can not well be conceived. To make it perfect, it only requires that such a person as the charming Miss E——, of Hamilton (Mrs. J. is requested to skip this passage), shall be present, and shall, on request, with her sweet voice and simple style, sing Ariel's

> Full fathom five thy father lies,
> Of his bones are coral made;
> Those are pearls that were his eyes;
> Nothing of him that doth fade
> But doth suffer a sea change,
> Into something rich and strange;
> Sea nymphs hourly sing his knell;
> Hark! now I hear them—ding, dong, bell!

The 'Mudian boats are deservedly famous. For the benefit of those who have never seen them, it may be said that they vary from thirteen to twenty-five feet in length, and draw from four to seven feet water. Their single mast is tall—from forty to fifty feet high. As to sails, they carry a mainsail, jib, gaff-topsail, and square-sail; with which they can sail nearer the wind and beat better than, perhaps, any vessels in the world. The Yacht Club, which, a few years since, throve under the patronage of high naval officers, is now in a state of comparative torpor. But every body sails about, and strangers enjoy it amazingly. As the boats are built with flush decks, they take in a good deal of water in rough weather; and without very careful steering, they are apt enough to bump on the reefs and rocks which stud the bays. These two circumstances tend to mar the enjoyment of new-comers at first.

A short while since, a young British officer joined his regiment at Bermuda. He was a fine, high-spirited young fellow, as most of these English soldiers are; had a general notion that "Yankees" were "low fellahs," and republics "not at all the cheese." However, he was too well bred to be offensive, personally; and he happened to become intimate with two Americans who were staying in Bermuda for their health. He carried condescension so far as to be seen with them in the street, and even to ask them to mess; and they, on their side, derived infinite amusement from his innocent snobbery. He had an uncle who was a lord, and kept a yacht in England, which yacht the nephew had been much given to navigating, even in the most tempestuous weathers, and when the oldest mariners were afraid to put to sea. When he made these remarks, the youthful son of Mars would hitch up his trowsers, and loose his knees, as a man who could put his sea legs on at a moment's notice, and couldn't be stirred from the perpendicular by any rolling or pitching within the capacity of Father Neptune.

It chanced that, though thorough landsmen, the Americans had a 'Mudian yacht at their disposal, in which they spent most of the fine weather. One afternoon they overhauled their military friend as they were about to start on a cruise, and pressed him to be one of the party. He consented, and the yacht soon moved seaward. A fresh breeze was blowing, and after clearing the cover of the land, the yacht leaned over rather suddenly. Up sprang the officer with a shout of terror: "We're upset!" With all politeness, his companions couldn't help bursting into laughter at his terrified face, and assured him that they thought she would weather it.

"I'm no coward," said Mr. Bull, "but I don't like risks."

His companions were inquiring whether his lordship's yacht never keeled over, when the wind suddenly freshened and a shower overtook them. The 'Mudian fairly flew through the water—through without straining bolt, cord, or mast. To one used to sailing the sensation was exquisitely delightful, as she was running before the wind with a clear channel ahead; but his lordship's nephew was very unhappy, and wouldn't be consoled. He went below to get out of the rain, and sat, a picture of despair, swearing, "By jingo, this was his first, and would be his last, sail in a Bermudian boat."

He was entreated to come on deck and take the command, to which his experience so well entitled him; but his only answer was a groan—"Are we near shore?" I regret to say that his companions occasionally forgot the commiseration due to his forlorn state. Once or twice they luffed up enough to let a hatful of water down the hatch; when up would rush John Bull, in a state of terrific excitement, roaring "Will she fill?" And once, one of the Americans went below, and with a very grave face assured him that they were afraid they could not make the islands in such a gale, and did he think it best to steer for New York or Halifax? This communication nearly killed him; so his tormentors put him ashore as soon as possible, having effectually cured him of his yachting talk.

Upsets do occur, but rarely; and it is well that they are rare, for the sharks are uncommonly quick. Last April, an American captain was speaking a pilot, when he was knocked over by his boom: he never rose, but a few days afterward his arm, with his ring on his finger, was found in the inside of a large shark.

Three or four years ago, it is said, the sharks seldom came inside the reefs, at least the large ones; but now, they abound every where, and can be seen any day. When a whale is killed, the sharks flock around the carcass in such numbers that they will eat a quarter of it in a single night. The fishermen, accordingly, make great haste to fletch the whale. They are often obliged to carry on a sharp war with the sharks for the spoils. A man will be cutting away at the whale, when a shark will spring out of the water and make a snap—either at the whale or the man's leg; the man will quietly chop the shark's nose with his fletching knife and go on with his work. These whale-fishermen don't seem to mind the sharks in the least. If you believe them, they have swum with a shark alongside many a time, and "kept pushing him off when he went to bite." It hardly belongs to a landsman to criticise such statements. I can only say that I never did so, and don't think it likely I ever shall.

A dreadful story about a shark is told at Bermuda. Years ago, two young girls, sisters, imprudently went to bathe, alone, on a sandy beach on one of the islands. After they had gone into the water, the younger of the two cried that she saw a shark. Paralyzed by terror, she stood still. Her sister, who was nearer the land, cried to her to come ashore, quick. But the poor child's terror had bereft her of the power to move. She stood stock still, screaming. In an agony of fright, the elder sister boldly ran out, making as great a splash as she could, and reached her sister in safety. Seizing her by the shoulder, she gave her a violent pull, and called, "Come quick, run ashore!" Roused by the appeal, the younger child obeyed, and her fright now seeming to increase her strength, she passed her sister, and ran safely into shallow water. She had hardly done so, when she heard a shriek behind her. Looking round she saw her sister still in tolerably deep water, flinging her arms over her head as if in great pain, and screaming. Her own description of the ensuing scene is harrowing: "My first thought was to run out to her, as she had run to me. But I had not time. Almost as soon as I had turned round, I saw Ellen, as it seemed, with her head and shoulders out of water, and her arms, twisting and writhing, move slowly out to sea. I screamed to her, 'Splash! splash! dear Ellen!' and then I called 'Help! help!' as loud as I could. Then I noticed a great splashing and foaming of water around her, which at first I thought was her doing; but soon two or three fins of sharks rose out of the water near her, and I knew that several of the horrid brutes were around her. Suddenly, she disappeared with a dreadful shriek; but the moment afterward, she rose again sideways, and I saw a shark leap half out of water to seize her. She rose, I think, twice. The last I saw of her was her poor white hand, which appeared on the surface, the fingers opening and shutting convulsively; when it sank, all was over."

I had a shark taken for me, and was inhuman enough to watch its death-struggle with considerable complacency. Between you and me, as I thought of poor Ellen, I found myself beating the shark about the head with my stick.

In fine, Bermuda is a good place to spend the winter in. It is never very cold, and a man who has seen snow there piques himself on the experience. It is uncommonly healthy; there are no epidemic diseases; cholera has never been there; yellow fever has, but they cure it with the mandrake (*Podophyllum peltatum*), and the local doctors speak slightingly of it. A case of elephantiasis in a negro girl—sketched in the cut—is believed to have been an importation from the West Indies. The very worst feature of the islands is that they don't contain a single spring of fresh water. Rainwater is the beverage of all who don't drink beer. The old negro women make strangers laugh by going about after a storm and accosting their acquaintances, "Well, Missis Brown, how many inches did you have last night?" The depth of rain-water in the tank is, indeed, a matter of the highest importance. In a very dry season Bermuda might be forced to import water.

But the visitor must be careful to supply himself with reading matter before he leaves. The wants of the Bermudians, in this respect, are very simple, quite primitive in fact; and the garrison libraries are not entertaining. There are two newspapers published in the place. Both are very able, considering every thing, but, to a plain man, perhaps they contain a trifle too much elegiac poetry. I can stand a good deal of verse, having once lived with a poet who read me, on an average, fifty lines of his composition every day; but I confess I pined for prose in the Bermudian press. I once read near a column of stanzas about a departed fair one; I was very much affected by them. On inquiry, I found that the deceased had got drunk on new rum, and got kicked to death by a donkey.

It is said that General Washington had a plan for the capture of Bermuda. A similar idea has been entertained by other military men; and Sam Slick says we think of nothing else. As a military or naval station, the Somers Islands would undoubtedly be desirable, in the event of a war with England. It might become absolutely necessary to seize them in such a case. But, as Mrs. J. remarks—a woman, I may add, of remarkable common sense—"I'd like to see the man who, in these days of *Resolute* courtesies and manly good-will on both sides the Atlantic, when the Queen awards her medals to our sailors, and the Stars and Stripes are carried in triumph by Englishmen through the streets of a British city—I'd like to see the man who says we're going to war with England!"

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE TENTH. A COUNCIL OF THREE.

On the morning after the departure of Mrs. Jazeph, the news that she had been sent away from the Tiger's Head by Mr. Frankland's directions, reached the Doctor's residence from the inn, just as he was sitting down to breakfast. Finding that the report of the nurse's dismissal was not accompanied by any satisfactory explanation of the cause of it, Mr. Orridge refused to believe that her attendance on Mrs. Frankland had really ceased. However, although he declined to credit the news, he was so far disturbed by it that he finished his breakfast in a hurry, and went to pay his morning visit at the Tiger's Head, nearly two hours before the time at which he usually attended on his patient.

On his way to the inn, he was met and stopped by the one waiter attached to the establishment. "I was just bringing you a message from Mr. Frankland, Sir," said the man. "He wants to see you as soon as possible."

"Is it true that Mrs. Frankland's nurse was sent away last night, by Mr. Frankland's order?" asked Mr. Orridge.

"Quite true, Sir," answered the waiter.

The Doctor colored and looked seriously discomposed. One of the most precious things we have about us—especially if we happen to belong to the medical profession—is our dignity. It struck Mr. Orridge that he ought to have been consulted before a nurse of his recommending was dismissed from her situation at a moment's notice. Was Mr. Frankland presuming upon his position as a gentleman of fortune? It was impossible to decide that question as yet; but the mere act of considering it, exercised an undermining influence on the conservative foundations of Mr. Orridge's principles. The power of wealth may do much with impunity, but it is not privileged to offer any practical contradictions to a man's good opinion of himself. Never had the Doctor thought more disrespectfully of rank and riches; never had he been conscious of reflecting on republican principles with such absolute impartiality, as when he now followed the waiter in sullen silence to Mr. Frankland's room.

"Who is that?" asked Leonard, when he heard the door open.

"Mr. Orridge, Sir," said the waiter.

"Good-morning," said Mr. Orridge, with self-asserting abruptness and familiarity.

Mr. Frankland was sitting in an arm-chair, with his legs crossed. Mr. Orridge carefully selected another arm-chair, and crossed his legs on the model of Mr. Frankland's, the moment he sat down. Mr. Frankland's hands were in the pockets of his dressing-gown. Mr. Orridge had no pockets, except in his coat-tails, which he could not conveniently get at; but he put his thumbs into the arm-holes of his waistcoat, and asserted himself against the easy insolence of wealth, in that way. It made no difference to him—so curiously narrow is the range of a man's perceptions when he is insisting on his own importance—that Mr. Frankland was blind, and consequently incapable of being impressed by the independence of his bearing. Mr. Orridge's own dignity was vindicated in Mr. Orridge's own presence; and that was enough.

"I am glad you have come so early, Doctor," said Mr. Frankland. "A very unpleasant thing happened here last night. I was obliged to send the new nurse away at a moment's notice."

"Were you, indeed!" said Mr. Orridge, defensively matching Mr. Frankland's composure by an assumption of the completest indifference. "Aha! were you, indeed?"

"If there had been time to send and consult you, of course I should have been only too glad to have done so," continued Leonard. "But it was impossible to hesitate. We were all alarmed by a loud ringing of my wife's bell; I was taken up to her room, and found her in a condition of the most violent agitation and alarm. She told me she had been dreadfully frightened by the new nurse; declared her conviction that the woman was not in her right senses; and entreated that I would get her out of the house with as little delay and as little harshness as possible. Under these circumstances, what could I do? I may seem to have been wanting in consideration toward you, in proceeding on my own sole responsibility; but Mrs. Frankland was in such a state of excitement that I could not tell what might be the consequence of opposing her, or of venturing on any delays; and after the difficulty had been got over, she would not hear of your being disturbed by a summons to the inn. I am sure you will understand this explanation, Doctor, in the spirit in which I offer it?"

Mr. Orridge began to look a little confused. His solid substructure of independence was softening and sinking from under him. He found himself thinking—no, not exactly thinking, but the next thing to it—of the cultivated manners of the wealthy classes; his thumbs slipped mechanically out of the arm-holes of his waistcoat; and, before he well knew what he was about, he was stammering his way through all the choicest intricacies of a complimentary and respectful reply.

"You will naturally be anxious to know what the new nurse said or did to frighten my wife so," pursued Mr. Frankland. "I can tell you nothing in detail; for Mrs. Frankland was in such a state of nervous dread last night that I was really afraid of asking for any explanations; and I have purposely waited to make inquiries this morning, until you could come here and accompany me up stairs. You kindly took so much trouble to secure this unlucky woman's attendance, that you have a right to hear all that can be alleged against her, now she has been sent away. Considering all things, Mrs. Frankland is not so ill this morning as I was afraid she would be. She expects to see you with me; and if you will kindly give me your arm, we will go up to her immediately."

Mr. Orridge uncrossed his legs, rose in a great hurry, and even went the length, instinctively, of making a bow. Let it not be imagined that he compromised his independence while he acted in this way, by reflecting on rich men in a too hasty spirit of approval. When he mechanically committed himself to a bow, forgetting at the moment that Mr. Frankland was incapable of appreciating that act of homage, he was only thinking, in the most unmercenary and abstract way, of Blood—of the breeding it brought with it—of the inscrutable value that it gave to words which would sound quite simple and commonplace in the mouths of ordinary people. Mr. Orridge was possessed—and it is due to him to record the fact—of most of the virtues of his species, especially of that widely-spread virtue which preserves people from allowing their opinions to be seriously influenced by personal considerations. We all have our faults; but it is, at least, consolatory to think how very few of our dearest friends—to say nothing of ourselves—are ever guilty of such weakness as that!

On entering Mrs. Frankland's room, the Doctor saw at a glance that she had been altered for the worse by the events of the past evening. He remarked that the smile with which she greeted her husband was the faintest and saddest he had seen on her face. Her eyes looked dim and weary, her skin was dry, her pulse was irregular. It was plain that she had passed a wakeful night, and that her mind was not at ease. She dismissed the inquiries of her medical attendant as briefly as possible, and led the conversation immediately, of her own accord, to the subject of Mrs. Jazeph.

"I suppose you have heard what has happened?" she said, addressing Mr. Orridge. "I can't tell you how grieved I am about it. My conduct must look in your eyes, as well as in the eyes of the poor, unfortunate nurse, the conduct of a capricious, unfeeling woman. I am ready to cry with sorrow and vexation, when I remember how thoughtless I was, and how little courage I showed. Oh, Lenny, it is dreadful to hurt the feelings of any body—but to have

pained that unhappy, helpless woman, as we pained her, to have made her cry so bitterly, to have caused her such humiliation and wretchedness—"

"My dear Rosamond," interposed Mr. Frankland, "you are lamenting effects, and forgetting causes altogether. Remember what a state of terror I found you in—there must have been some reason for that. Remember, too, how strong your conviction was that the nurse was out of her senses. Surely you have not altered your opinion on that point already?"

"It is that very opinion, love, that has been perplexing and worrying me all night. I can't alter it; I feel more certain than ever that there must be something wrong with the poor creature's intellect—and yet, when I remember how good-naturedly she came here to help me, and how anxious she seemed to make herself useful, I can't help feeling ashamed of my suspicions; I can't help reproaching myself for having been the cause of her dismissal last night. Mr. Orridge, did you notice any thing in Mrs. Jazeph's face or manner which might lead you to doubt whether her intellects were quite as sound as they ought to be?"

"Certainly not, Mrs. Frankland, or I should never have brought her here. I should not have been astonished to hear that she was suddenly taken ill, or that she had been seized with a fit, or that some slight accident, which would have frightened nobody else, had seriously frightened her. But to be told that there is any thing approaching to derangement in her faculties does, I own, fairly surprise me."

"Can I have been mistaken!" exclaimed Rosamond, looking confusedly and self-distrustfully from Mr. Orridge to her husband. "Lenny! Lenny! if I have been mistaken, I shall never forgive myself."

"Suppose you tell us, my dear, what led you to suspect that she was mad?" suggested Mr. Frankland.

Rosamond hesitated. "Things that are great in one's own mind," she said, "seem to get so little when they are put into words. I almost despair of making you understand what good reason I had to be frightened—and then, I am afraid, in trying to do justice to myself, that I may not do justice to the nurse."

"Tell your own story, my love, in your own way, and you will be sure to tell it properly," said Mr. Frankland.

"And pray remember," added Mr. Orridge, "that I attach no real importance to my opinion of Mrs. Jazeph. I have not had time enough to form it. Your opportunities of observing her have been far more numerous than mine."

Thus encouraged, Rosamond plainly and simply related all that had happened in her room on the previous evening, up to the time when she had closed her eyes, and had heard the nurse approaching her bedside. Before repeating the extraordinary words that Mrs. Jazeph had whispered into her ear, she made a pause, and looked earnestly in her husband's face.

"Why do you stop?" asked Mr. Frankland.

"I feel nervous and flurried still, Lenny, when I think of the words the nurse said to me, just before I rang the bell."

"What did she say? Was it something you would rather not repeat?"

"No! no! I am most anxious to repeat it, and to hear what you think it means. As I have just told you, Lenny, we had been talking of Porthgenna, and of my project of exploring the north rooms as soon as I got there; and she had been asking many questions about the old house; appearing, I must say, to be unaccountably interested in it, considering she was a stranger."

"Yes?"

"Well, when she came to the bedside, she knelt down close at my ear, and whispered all on a sudden, 'When you go to Porthgenna, keep out of the Myrtle Room!'"

Mr. Frankland started. "Is there such a room at Porthgenna?" he asked, eagerly.

"I never heard of it," said Rosamond.

"Are you sure of that?" inquired Mr. Orridge. Up to this moment the Doctor had privately suspected that Mrs. Frankland must have fallen asleep soon after he left her the evening before; and that the narrative which she was now relating, with the sincerest conviction of its reality, was actually derived from nothing but a series of vivid impressions produced by a dream.

"I am certain I never heard of such a room," said Rosamond. "I left Porthgenna at five years old; and I had never heard of it then. My father often talked of the house in after years; but I am certain that he never spoke of any of the rooms by any particular names; and I can say the same of your father, Lenny, whenever I was in his company after he had bought the place. Besides, don't you remember, when the builder we sent down to survey the house wrote you that letter, he complained that there were no names of the rooms on the different keys, to guide him in opening the doors, and that he could get no information from any body at Porthgenna on the subject. How could I ever have heard of the Myrtle Room? Who was there to tell me?"

Mr. Orridge began to look perplexed; it seemed by no means so certain that Mrs. Frankland had been dreaming, after all.

"I have thought of nothing else," said Rosamond to her husband, in low, whispering tones. "I can't get those mysterious words off my mind. Feel my heart, Lenny—it is beating quicker than usual, only with saying them over to you. They are such very strange, startling words. What do you think they mean?"

"Who is the woman who spoke them?—that is the most important question," said Mr. Frankland.

"But why did she say the words to *me*. That is what I want to know—that is what I must know, if I am ever to feel easy in my mind again!"

"Gently, Mrs. Frankland, gently!" said Mr. Orridge. "For your child's sake, as well as for your own, pray try to be calm, and to look at this very mysterious event as composedly as you can. If any exertions of mine can throw light upon this strange woman and her still stranger conduct, I will not spare them. I am going today to her mistress's house, to see one of the children; and, depend upon it, I will manage in some way to make Mrs. Jazeph explain herself. Her mistress shall hear every word that you have told me; and, I can assure you, she is just the sort of downright, resolute woman who will insist on having the whole mystery instantly cleared up."

Rosamond's weary eyes brightened at the Doctor's proposal. "Oh, go at once, Mr. Orridge!" she exclaimed, "Go at once!"

"I have a great deal of medical work to do in the town first," said the Doctor, smiling at Mrs. Frankland's impatience.

"Begin it then, without losing another instant," said Rosamond. "The baby is quite well, and I am quite well—we need not detain you a moment. And, Mr. Orridge, pray be as gentle and considerate as possible with the poor woman; and tell her that I never should have thought of sending her away, if I had not been too frightened to know what I was about. And say how sorry I am, this morning, and say—"

"My dear, if Mrs. Jazeph is really not in her right senses, what would be the use of overwhelming her with all these excuses?" interposed Mr. Frankland. "It will be more to the purpose if Mr. Orridge will kindly explain and apologize for us to her mistress."

"Go! Don't stop to talk—pray go at once!" cried Rosamond, as the Doctor attempted to reply to Mr. Frankland.

"Don't be afraid; no time shall be lost," said Mr. Orridge, opening the door. "But remember, Mrs. Frankland, I shall expect you to reward your embassador, when he returns from his mission, by showing him that you are a little more quiet and composed than I find you this morning." With that parting hint, the Doctor took his leave.

"'When you go to Porthgenna, keep out of the Myrtle Room,'" repeated Mr. Frankland, thoughtfully. "Those are very strange words, Rosamond. Who can this woman really be? She is a perfect stranger to both of us; we are brought into contact with her by the merest accident; and we find that she knows something about our own house, of which we were both perfectly ignorant until she chose to speak!"

"But the warning, Lenny—the warning, so pointedly and mysteriously addressed to me? Oh, if I could only go to sleep at once, and not wake again till the Doctor comes back!"

"My love, try not to count too certainly on our being enlightened, even then. The woman may refuse to explain herself to any body."

"Don't even hint at such a disappointment as that, Lenny, or I shall be wanting to get up and go and question her myself."

"Even if you could get up and question her, Rosamond, you might find it impossible to make her answer. She may be afraid of certain consequences which we can not foresee; and, in that case, I can only repeat, that it is more than probable she will explain nothing—or perhaps, still more likely that she will coolly deny her own words altogether."

"Then, Lenny, we will put them to the proof for ourselves."

"And how can we do that?"

"By continuing our journey to Porthgenna the moment I am allowed to travel, and by leaving no stone unturned when we get there, until we have discovered whether there is, or is not, any room in the old house that ever was known, at any time of its existence, by the name of the Myrtle Room."

"And suppose it should turn out that there is such a room?" asked Mr. Frankland, beginning to feel the influence of his wife's enthusiasm.

"If it does turn out so," said Rosamond, her voice rising, and her face lighting up with its accustomed vivacity, "how can you doubt what will happen next? Am I not a woman? And have I not been forbidden to enter the Myrtle Room? Lenny! Lenny! Do you know so little of my half of humanity as to doubt what I should do, the moment the room was discovered? My darling, as a matter of course, I should walk into it immediately!"

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH. ANOTHER SURPRISE.

WITH all the haste he could make, it was one o'clock in the afternoon before Mr. Orridge's professional avocations allowed him to set forth in his gig for Mrs. Norbury's house. He drove there with such good-will that he accomplished the half-hour's journey in twenty minutes. The footman having heard the rapid approach of the gig, opened the hall door the instant the horse was pulled up before it, and confronted the Doctor with a smile of malicious satisfaction.

"Well," said Mr. Orridge, bustling into the hall, "you were all rather surprised last night, when the housekeeper came back, I suppose?"

"Yes, Sir, we certainly were surprised when she came back last night," answered the footman; "but we were still more surprised when she went away again, this morning."

"Went away! You don't mean to say she is gone?"

"Yes, I do, Sir; she has lost her place, and gone for good." The footman smiled again as he made that reply; and the housemaid, who happened to be on her way down stairs while he was speaking, and to hear what he said, smiled too. Mrs. Jazeph had evidently been no favorite in the servants' hall.

Amazement prevented Mr. Orridge from uttering another word. Hearing no more questions asked, the footman threw open the door of the breakfast-parlor, and the Doctor followed him into the room. Mrs. Norbury was sitting near the window, in a rigidly upright attitude, inflexibly watching the proceedings of her invalid child over a basin of beef-tea.

"I know what you are going to talk about before you open your lips," said the outspoken lady. "But just look to the child first, and say what you have to say on that subject, if you please, before you enter on any other."

The child was examined, was pronounced to be improving rapidly, and was carried away by the nurse to lie down and rest a little. As soon as the door of the room had closed, Mrs. Norbury abruptly addressed the Doctor, interrupting him, for the second time, just as he was about to speak.

"Now, Mr. Orridge," she said, "I want to tell you something at the outset. I am a remarkably just woman, and I have no quarrel with you. You are the cause of my having been treated with the most audacious insolence by three people—but you are the innocent cause, and therefore I don't blame you."

"I am really at a loss," Mr. Orridge began, "quite at a loss, I assure you—"

"To know what I mean?" said Mrs. Norbury. "I will soon tell you. Were you not the original cause of my sending my housekeeper to nurse Mrs. Frankland?"

Yes: Mr. Orridge could not hesitate to acknowledge that.

"Well," pursued Mrs. Norbury, "and the consequence of my sending her is, as I said before, that I am treated with unparalleled insolence by no less than three people. Mrs. Frankland takes an insolent whim into her head, and affects to be frightened by my housekeeper. Mr. Frankland shows an insolent readiness to humor that whim, and hands me back my housekeeper, as if she was a bad shilling; and last, and worst of all, my housekeeper herself insults me to my face, as soon as she comes back—insults me, Mr. Orridge, to that degree that I give her twelve hours' notice to leave the place. Don't begin to defend yourself! I know all about it; I know you had nothing to do with sending her back; I never said you had. All the mischief you have done is innocent mischief. I don't blame you, remember that—whatever you do, Mr. Orridge, remember that!"

"I had no idea of defending myself," said the Doctor, when he was at last allowed to speak, "for I feel as firmly convinced, on my side, as you can be on yours, Mrs. Norbury, that I am in no way to blame. I was merely about to say, that you surprise me beyond all power of expression, when you tell me that Mrs. Jazeph treated you with incivility."

"Incivility!" exclaimed Mrs. Norbury. "Don't talk about incivility—it's not the word. Impudence is the word; daring, brazen impudence. When Mrs. Jazeph came back in that fly from the Tiger's Head she was either drunk or mad. Open your eyes as much as you please, Mr. Orridge; she was either the one or the other, or a mixture of both. You have seen her, you have talked to her—should you say she was the kind of woman to look you fiercely in the face, and contradict you flatly the moment you spoke to her?"

"I should say she was the very last woman in the world to misbehave herself in that way," answered the Doctor.

"Very well. Now hear what happened when she came back, last night," said Mrs. Norbury.

"She got here just as we were going up stairs to bed. Of course, I was astonished; and, of course, I called her into the drawing-room for an explanation. There was nothing very unnatural in that course of proceeding, I suppose? Well, I noticed that her eyes were swollen and red, and that her looks were remarkably wild and queer; but I said nothing, and waited for the explanation. All she had to tell me was, that something she had unintentionally said, or done, had frightened Mrs. Frankland, and that Mrs. Frankland's husband had sent her away on the spot. I disbelieved this at first—and very naturally, I think—but she persisted in the story, and answered all my questions by declaring that she could tell me nothing more. 'So then,' said I, 'I am to believe that after I have inconvenienced myself by sparing you, and after you have inconvenienced yourself by undertaking the business of nurse, I am to be insulted, and you are to be insulted by your being sent away from Mrs. Frankland on the very day when you get to her, because she chooses to take a whim into her head?' 'I never accused Mrs. Frankland of taking a whim into her head,' says Mrs. Jazeph, and stares me straight in the face, with such a look as I never saw in her eyes before, after all my five years' experience of her. 'What do you mean?' I asked, giving her back her look, I can promise you. 'Are you base enough to take the treatment you have received in the light of a favor?' 'I am just enough,' said Mrs. Jazeph, as sharp as lightning, and still with that same stare straight at me, 'I am just enough not to blame Mrs. Frankland.' 'Oh, you are, are you?' I said. 'Then all I can tell you is, that I feel this insult, if you don't; and that I consider Mrs. Frankland's conduct to be the conduct of an ill-bred, impudent, capricious, unfeeling woman.' Mrs. Jazeph takes a step up to me—takes a step, I give you my word of honor—and says distinctly in so many words, 'Mrs. Frankland is neither ill-bred, impudent, capricious, nor unfeeling.' 'Do you mean to contradict me, Mrs. Jazeph?' I asked. 'I mean to defend Mrs. Frankland from unjust imputations,' says she. Those were her words, Mr. Orridge—on my honor, as a gentlewoman, those were exactly her words."

The Doctor's face expressed the blankest astonishment. Mrs. Norbury surveyed him with a look of calm triumph, and went on—

"I was in a towering passion—I don't mind confessing that, Mr. Orridge—but I kept it down. 'Mrs. Jazeph,' I said, 'this is language that I am not accustomed to, and that I certainly never expected to hear from your lips. Why you should take it on yourself to defend Mrs. Frankland for treating us both with contempt, and to contradict me for resenting it, I neither know nor care to know. But I must tell you, in plain words, that I will be spoken to by every person in my employment, from my housekeeper to my scullery-maid, with respect. I would have given warning on the spot to any other servant in this house who had behaved to me as you have behaved—' She tried to interrupt me there, but I would not allow her. 'No,' I said, 'you are not to speak to me just yet; you are to hear me out. Any other servant, I tell you again, should have left this place tomorrow morning; but I will be more than just to *you*. I will give you the benefit of your five years' good conduct in my service. I will leave you the rest of the night to get cool, and to reflect on what has passed between us; and I will not expect you to make the proper apologies to me until the morning.' You see, Mr. Orridge, I was determined to act justly and kindly—I was ready to make allowances; and what do you think she said in return? 'I am willing to make any apologies, ma'am, for offending you,' she said, 'without the delay of a single minute; but, whether it is to-night, or whether it is tomorrow morning, I can not stand by silent when I hear Mrs. Frankland charged with acting unkindly, uncivilly, or improperly, toward me or toward any one.' 'Do you tell me that deliberately, Mrs. Jazeph?' I asked. 'I tell it you sincerely, ma'am,' she answered; 'and I am very sorry to be obliged to do so.' 'Pray don't trouble yourself to be sorry,' I said, 'for you may consider yourself no longer in my service. I will order the steward to pay you the usual month's wages instead of the month's warning, the first thing to-morrow; and I beg that you will leave the house as soon as you conveniently can, afterward.' 'I will leave to-morrow, ma'am,' says she, 'but without troubling the steward. I beg, respectfully, and with many thanks for your past kindness, to decline taking a month's money which I have not earned by a month's service.' And, thereupon, she courtesies and goes out. That is, word for word, what passed between us, Mr. Orridge. Explain the woman's conduct in your own way, if you can. I say that it is utterly incomprehensible, unless you agree with me, that she was either not sober, or not in her right senses, when she came back to this house last night."

The Doctor began to think, after what he had just heard, that Mrs. Frankland's suspicions in relation to the new nurse were not quite so unfounded as he had been at first disposed to consider them. He wisely refrained, however, from complicating matters by giving utterance to what he thought; and, after answering Mrs. Norbury in a few vaguely polite words, endeavored to sooth her irritation against Mr. and Mrs. Frankland, by assuring her that he came as the bearer of apologies from both husband and wife, for the apparent want of courtesy and consideration in their conduct, which circumstances had made inevitable. The offended lady, however, absolutely refused to be propitiated. She rose up and waved her hand with an air of great dignity.

"I can not hear a word more from you, Mr. Orridge," she said. "I can not receive any apologies which are made indirectly. If Mr. Frankland chooses to call, and if Mrs. Frank-

land condescends to write to me, I am willing to think no more of the matter. Under any other circumstances I must be allowed to keep my present opinions both of the lady and the gentleman. Don't say another word, and be so kind as to excuse me if I leave you and go up to the nursery to see how the child is getting on. I am delighted to hear that you think her so much better. Pray call again to-morrow or next day if you conveniently can. Good-morning!"

Half amused at Mrs. Norbury, half displeased at the curt tone she adopted toward him, Mr. Orridge remained for a minute or two alone in the breakfast-parlor, feeling rather undecided about what he should do next. He was, by this time, almost as much interested in solving the mystery of Mrs. Jazeph's extraordinary conduct as Mrs. Frankland herself; and he felt unwilling, on all accounts, to go back to the Tiger's Head and merely repeat what Mrs. Norbury had told him, without being able to complete the narrative by informing Mr. and Mrs. Frankland of the direction that the housekeeper had taken on leaving her situation. After some pondering, he determined to question the footman, under the pretense of desiring to know if his gig was at the door. The man having answered the bell, and having reported the gig to be ready, Mr. Orridge, while crossing the hall, asked him carelessly if he knew at what time in the morning Mrs. Jazeph had left her place.

"About ten o'clock, Sir," answered the footman. "When the carrier came by from the village on his way to the station for the eleven o'clock train."

"Oh! I suppose he took her boxes?" said Mr. Orridge.

"And took her, too, Sir," said the man, with a grin. "She had to ride, for once in her life, at any rate, in a carrier's cart."

On getting back to West Winston, the Doctor stopped at the station to collect further particulars before he returned to the Tiger's Head. No trains, either up or down, happened to be due just at that time. The station-master was reading the newspaper, and the porter was gardening on the slope of the embankment.

"Is the train at eleven in the morning an up-train or a down-train?" asked Mr. Orridge, addressing the porter.

"A down-train."

"Did many people go by it?"

The porter repeated the names of some of the inhabitants of West Winston.

"Were there no passengers but passengers from the town?" inquired the Doctor.

"Yes, Sir. I think there was one stranger—a lady."

"Did the station-master issue the tickets for that train?"

"Yes, Sir."

Mr. Orridge went on to the station-master.

"Do you remember giving a ticket this morning, by the eleven o'clock down-train, to a lady traveling alone?"

The station-master pondered. "I have issued tickets, up and down, to half a dozen ladies to-day," he answered, doubtfully.

"Yes, but I am speaking only of the eleven o'clock train," said Mr. Orridge. "Try if you can't remember?"

"Remember? Stop! I do remember; I know who you mean. A lady who seemed rather flurried, and who put a question to me that I am not often asked at this station. She had her vail down, I recollect, and she got here for the eleven o'clock train. Crouch, the carrier, brought her trunk into the office."

"That is the woman. Where did she take her ticket for?"

"For Exeter."

"You said she asked you a question."

"Yes; a question about what coaches met the rail at Exeter to take travelers into Cornwall. I told her we were rather too far off here to have the correct time-table, and recommended her to apply for information to the Devonshire people when she got to the end of her journey. She seemed a timid, helpless kind of woman to travel alone. Any thing wrong in connection with her, Sir?"

"Oh, no! nothing," said Mr. Orridge, leaving the station-master and hastening back to his gig again.

When he drew up, a few minutes afterward, at the door of the Tiger's Head, he jumped out of his vehicle with the confident air of a man who has done all that could be expected of him. It was easy to face Mrs. Frankland with the unsatisfactory news of Mrs. Jazeph's departure, now that he could add, on the best authority, the important supplementary information that she had gone to Cornwall.

THE LITTLE FLOWER.

A LEGEND OF HOLLAND.

A LITTLE child died, and the guardian angel was bearing its soul to heaven. Already they had passed the busy city, the fields of ripe corn, the forest where resounded the woodman's axe, the canals where glided the laden vessels, and the angel had not looked upon them; but when they came to a poor village, he hovered over it, and looked into the alley, running through a cluster of decayed huts. There was grass growing through the stones; there was broken pottery, and damp straw, and piles of cinder and ashes thrown out. The angel looked long at the deserted spot, when, espying suddenly a pale flower in the ruins, which had opened in the shade, he gave a cry of joy, stooped from the air, and plucked it.

The soul of the dead child asked him why he had stooped for a single field-flower, without beauty or fragrance?

"Thou seest at the bottom of this alley a cabin, with the roof broken by the snows, and its walls seamed by the rain. There lived once a child of thy age, afflicted from his birth. When he quitted his little straw bed, leaning on his willow crutches, he went two or three times up and down the alley—it was all. He had never seen the sun but from his window. When the summer brought back its bright rays, the afflicted creature came and sat down in their light: he looked at the blood feebly circulating in his thin hands, and said, 'I am better.' Never had he seen the green of the meadows or the forest; only the children sometimes brought him branches of the poplar, which he laid around him on his bed. Then he would dream that he was lying in the shade of the woods, that the sunshine was dancing through the leaves, and the birds singing around. One day his oldest sister brought him a little field-flower, with its root. He planted it in an old earthen pot, and God prospered the plant tended by the weak hand. It was the sick child's garden; the little flower was to him the meadows, the wood, the waters, the creation. As long as he lived he nursed it. He gave it all the air and the sunshine that his little window suffered to enter; he watered it each evening, and told it good-by till next morning, as if it were a friend. But when God called away the little martyr, his family quitted the village, the valley was abandoned, and the simple flower surrounded with ruins. Then the providence of God preserved it where I have just gathered it."

"Who told you all that?" demanded the soul of the child.

"I was myself," said the angel, "the little sick child who walked on his willow crutches. God has taken me up to paradise, but I have not forgotten the few humble joys I had on earth, and I would not give that simple flower for the most beautiful star in the sky I now inhabit."

PRATTLE AND TATTLE.

MY DEAR, GOOD EDITOR,—You are extremely kind. May I inquire if either of those handsome persons above represent me? I am in hopes that you will answer, "Yes, dear madam, this pretty creature in the front is meant to be yourself, and no one else!" If you can not conscientiously respond to me thus, I must, at any rate, beg you will allow that supposition to gain ground, at least in the more distant States, where there is not much chance of personal comparison; nor must you suffer it to be inferred that the representation is at all flattered, rather the contrary. *Entre nous*, I am any thing but attractive just now, seeing that I am one among the many thousand victims this city contains who have "caught cold;" and my good looks are not improved thereby. The color that should be in my checks is at present in my nose, and my eyes, instead of being brilliant, are only weak; and so on through the rest of my features.

I must own, too, as far as the fidelity of my portrait goes, that I don't think any of my morning gowns "set" half so nicely as the one above, nor do I possess any thing so fascinating as that little frilled apron, or so comfortable as that very easy sewing-chair. But on the whole, you may conclude that I am rather pleased with myself than otherwise, though I can't say as much for the print or type, or whatever it may be called, with which I am favored. Considering that many of my comments were not approbatory, they are printed much too small to have the slightest effect on your correspondents. Besides, it looks as if you did not like to be lectured, and therefore wished your readers might pass over my strictures unobservingly; and that, of course, is neither flattering to my judgment nor to your submission.

You have, however, abstained from rude innuendoes about dear Thalberg, and for that I thank you, and can pardon much. (By-the-by, he is looking handsomer than ever this week, at the third series of what Mr. Brown calls "the Morning Matinées." Query: At what period of the day do the other Matinées take place, I wonder? We are fewer in number, and consequently the provisions go further; and that's all I can tell you about them today.) But your gentleman of the toilet, as I must call him, is again at his former indiscretions. He reminds me, with all respect be it spoken, of the tyrant street-boys urging to oppression, "Hit him again, he ain't got no friends!" He thinks, it seems, that we women "ain't got no friends," and that any little slander or libel upon us that he likes to utter will pass entirely unpunished. *Harper's* busy wings carry his ideas far and wide, north and south, while any feeble little refutation that we may murmur among ourselves must, of course, he supposes, be quite unheeded. But it's not going to be exactly so. The journal that prints his remarks will, with charitable justice, publish mine also; therefore let him beware. In former numbers we were "extravagant," "ignorant," and Heaven only knows what besides. In this last week's number we are—could you guess what?—awkward! And this in the face of the renowned Tony Weller, Senior, who is authority for the statement: "A lady, ma'am, can never be hockard; nater has otherways purwided." And what do you suppose, in the estimation of our critic, contributes especially to our "awkwardness?" Nothing less sensible and useful than our invaluable India-rubber boots! When, in former days, we promenaded the streets all snow and mud, unprotected by aught beyond "paper-soles" and thin French gaiters, there was no epithet strong enough to characterize our folly in the language of most gentlemen.

Now that we are slightly more rational, and endeavor to save our understandings from the desecrating mud of this New World city, and to take a walk without likewise taking a cold, we are pronounced "inelegant" and "ungraceful," and to be looking like "ducks wading across the mud." (Ducks here, remember, is a term of opprobrium, not of endearment!) But, dear me! if for once or twice in our silly lives we happen *not* to be thinking of how we look—whether we are elegant or the contrary, and if inelegant endeavoring to brave it heroically—pray, for Heaven's sake, let us alone! Let us, I beg, try and have the courage to be ugly sometimes, when it answers a useful purpose! But it's just like your selfish and inconsiderate sex—unreflecting and inconsistent throughout! Who is it shrugs his shoulders, frowning grimly, or grumbling gruffly, at the French shoemaker's "little bill," each item of which endures about one earthly day of winter's wear? Can it be the same person who looks with disgust, not to say apprehension, at our reasonable though unbecoming boots, because, forsooth, his Sultan eye can not be gratified by the sight of pretty ankles? Impossible; yet so it is. As to my own experience, the happiest day I have had this winter (except those when dear Thalberg has played) was when I first put on my great big Hessian-looking, India-rubber boots. Didn't I take a long and delightful walk? Wasn't every step delicious to me? Wasn't I most particularly pleased when I came to places that made the bootless shudder, while I could proceed, regardless of the snow and mud, with all the firmness of a dry foot, and every confidence in the native manufacture!

I was happy, although my feet did look large, and I couldn't, of course, remind observers that it was not *all* foot inside, and that allowance should be made for another warm boot within. No, all that had to be endured, and with joy, too, was it borne, for was I not clean, dry, and independent? and what more can the active pedestrian require? The boys, too, the juvenile populace, seemed much interested in my boots, and one rather rude youth even claimed them for his own! "My eye! Bill! ain't them my boots which I lost last week?" Do observe, will you, even at that early age your sex seems to assume that we have no possible right to wear leather above the instep! That is the limit, it seems. And here we come to the root of this masculine opposition, which I do believe is nothing more nor less than a secret fear that the seizure of some other manly garments may follow the adoption of these boots. There's something in it, too, for I will own to you, in the strictest confidence, of course, that enjoying and reveling in the freedom of my boots, I have often thought, with a sigh, how charming it must be to be a man! No skirts to lift from the mud, no flounces to think about! Such aspirations are very dangerous, and must be repressed at all hazards; there's no doubt about that. So let me change the subject.

One word, however, I must say. I have my fears that the universal practice of wearing these useful boots, which quite conceal our neat insteps and well-turned ankles, will have the effect of interfering with the habits and pursuits of those gentlemen who seem to spend their time, on muddy days, in watching our fair forms while we traverse the most dirty parts of Broadway. Those who follow this pastime with earnestness, generally, to use the language of the street-sweepers, take a crossing, and adopt it as their own. Here they stand, by the hour together, seriously inspecting the little feet that pick their way so carefully, and only too happy when a stage, stopping in the middle of the road, gives occasion for a more than usual display.

A favorite station of this sort, let me tell you, is at the corner of Houston Street, and very favorable ground it seems to be thought, for it's quite a strong-hold of these amateurs in limbs. The land there lies rather low, or, at least, is always the muddiest of the muddy, and just such as these devoted enthusiasts of ankles desire. Going down town the other day, I noticed an individual evidently very much absorbed in this pursuit—the search after ankles. Well, I accomplished my mission—not a very speedy one—shopping at Stewart's, and I had taken my time, too; would you believe me that when I reached these hunting-grounds of Houston Street there stood the very same person, *planté là*, just as much occupied as ever with our dear little pedestals. And as it was a fine day, but very dirty, I have no doubt he had a pleasant afternoon. Could he have been all that time searching for a pretty pair? And when he sees what he approves of does he follow the lady, I wonder, and address tender missives to her, *à la* Melville, Esq.? (*Vide newspapers of the day.*)

I had sundry other little matters to discuss with you, my dear Sir: among others, the last Philharmonic Concert—a very disagreeable one it was, too. Talk of mud! that school of modern German music is worse to wade through than the Slough of Despond. What is not vapid is incomprehensible; or perhaps the fact is, I am not intellectual enough to understand it. But I can say no more at present. So good-by.

"WITHOUT ENCUMBRANCES."

THE editor of the *Chicago Journal* says he recently saw the following, among other advertisements, in a New York daily paper:

BOARD WANTED.—A gentleman and lady, without encumbrances, desire, etc.

Whereupon he indulged in the following strain:

One sees queer things in little type in the newspapers, sometimes, conveying by implication all sorts of doctrines, disclosing people's ideas of happiness when they least suspect it, and affording a clew to the faith in many a heart that is a sealed book to those that know it best, and yet all set forth so many times daily in a dull advertisement.

Sometimes, as in this agate expression of "a want," we have people's definitions of things, which set Webster and Johnson at defiance.

"Without encumbrance!" What young mother, when she feels for the first time her first-born's breath, would ever imagine in the new blossoming of her new love, that any where beneath the sun there should exist a lexicon, wherein under the E's it should read thus: "Ed, Eg, Ei, El, Em, EN.

ENCUMBRANCE, *n.* A young human being—a child."

There! What do you think of that, ye old-fashioned grandmothers, whose love is visited upon the children, even to the third and fourth generation? "Rachel weeping for her *encumbrances!*" "Here am I and the *encumbrances* thou hast given me!" "And the leopard shall lie down with the lamb, and a little *encumbrance* shall lead them!"

These little motives in pink and fair dimity, that stir the pulses like a clarion, that nerve up the weary and light up the hope, and fill up the sighing with song, are encumbrances!

So, then, the sweet little candidates for heaven's kingdom, that dance round the threshold of the open heart and enter unforbidden—that keep the world from growing old in sorrow and in sin—encumbrances, all!

And when they are elected—for so, alas! they sometimes are, as the greensward broken in little billows every where, and the Rachels that will not be comforted, so sadly attest—think you when the mother rocks the empty cradle, and looks upon the unpressed pillow, and finds in the "till" a silken tress and a pair of little shoes that were laid aside for sandals of light, that she finds the name of the wearer under the En's?

That when the poet sighed,

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there—
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair;"

or when he who sang the "Airs of Palestine" declared,

"I can not make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head,
Is ever bounding round my study chair;"

that either of them dreamed the burden of the song was a mortgage, and not rather one star lost out of the visible heavens—that set,

"As sets the morning star, that goes not down
Behind the darkened West, nor hides obscured
Amid the tempests of the sky, but melts
Away into the light of Heaven."

May the hearths, the thresholds, and the hearts of the world never be without "encumbrances;" let them all be mortgaged to them who "like the planets are nearest the sun."

A RANGER'S LIFE IN NICARAGUA.

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE.

I WAS not the only "observant traveler" of the party, but the dangers and hardships we had passed through, and the necessity of continual watchfulness in a hostile territory, made the adventure too serious for the indulgence of romantic emotions.

It was in the depths of the rainy season. We had narrowly escaped shipwreck on the stormy lake of Nicaragua, whose "shining waters" had broken our frail and rotten bark, and, with an escort of repeated gales and thunder-showers, sent us to a cove on the west shore, where five tall cocoanut trees lifted their plumy crowns above the close-knitted foliage of the undergrowth. Here five small cottages of reeds received the name of "Cocos," a village or hamlet of miserable boatmen, living and dying in perpetual conflict with fever and mosquitoes.

It was dark when we waded ashore, rifle in hand. The natives fled on both sides as we went up the wide sand-beach, leaving us in undisputed possession of two of the cottages. A Greek chorus of fowls, snatched from their comfortable roosts in the cottages, and carried shrieking into the darkness by their terrified native owners, gave us loud advices of the possibility of supper. Three days upon sea-biscuit and lake-water had stimulated our appetites to a wolfish eagerness; and in a few moments a dozen fowls were taken, and paid for (I believe) by our scrupulous Colonel, while one of the cottages, where the remains of a fire were yet smouldering, was converted into a kitchen.

During these preparations for supper, I made a tour of observation through the village. It was a space of perhaps thirty acres, crescent-shaped, with the shore and the impenetrable forest for its inner and outer margin. The cottages had each a garden on the land side, and I could readily distinguish orange, lime, and lemon trees, even by the dim starlight. The night air was loaded with perfumes of blossoms and aromatic leaves, but the formidable murmur of the mosquitoes destroyed and overpowered all other sensations. The grass and trees seemed to be alive with these persecutors, and after the hasty supper was dispatched, and we all lay down to sleep upon the sand, under the open heavens, it seemed as though the night dews had been poisoned, and fell upon us like a fine rain of fire, piercing the clothes and blankets, and penetrating every crevice.

THE NIGHT ON SHORE.

Some rolled themselves up in their blankets, preferring heat and suffocation to the torment of exposure. Others dug holes in the sand, and half buried themselves. Others sat or walked, expressing their discontent in curses. Toward morn-

ing the nuisance was somewhat abated by the cool wind blowing off the lake. I made myself a pillow of sand, and was about to yield to the gentle pleasure of slumber, when a low, whistling sound, which I had heard at intervals through the night, came close to my ears. This was attended by the faintest audible footfall, and in a moment I felt something pulling my hair and nibbling my ears. As I started up suddenly, two birds ran away into the darkness. Soon after I had lain down again I heard the same low whistle, and the nibbling began as before; this time, however, I succeeded in catching one of my tormentors by the legs. It was, to feeling and appearance, as well as I could judge, a kind of very small duck; but when I let it escape, it moved off like a ghost, without wagging or wriggling the body as ducks do ordinarily. I afterward saw great flights of these whistling ducks on the prairies of Chontales.

At daylight another massacre of cocks and hens became necessary to satisfy the appetites of our hungry rangers; and while breakfast was preparing I made another and more satisfactory tour of the village, looking into all the cottages. The natives, finding that our intention was neither to rob nor hang them, received us as politely as they could, and were sufficiently pleased and rewarded for their terrors and chickens by a present of medicines—the most acceptable gift that can be offered in a country where every person is sick once or twice in the year. One half or more of these villagers—men, women, and children—were shaking or burning with *calentura*, the fever of the country.

THE LANDING AT MALACATOYA.

We were happy to row slowly away from the very beautiful but supremely wretched village of Cocos; but after two days of ineffectual rowing, sailing, and beating up against the northeasterly wind, we made another landing on a little green meadow at the mouth of the sluggish River Malacatoya, in the northwest angle of Lake Nicaragua.

Vast flights of ducks, miles in length, were slowly wending out from the river lakeward, and we saw the white cranes standing on the verge of the water, their snowy plumage made roseate by rays of the setting sun.

Here the commander of our party, Colonel Byron Cole, finding our vessel unserviceable, determined to take the land route for Chontales, and send her back with a load of cattle for Granada.

It was a watering-place for all the cattle of the neighborhood. Every thing was taken off the vessel. Saddles, pack-saddles, ammunition, camp-kettles, blankets, and a small quantity of provisions, enough to last perhaps three or four days. We found two unoccupied reed cottages near the shore, and established our quarters in them for this night and the following day.

CAMP-LIFE.

Now began our regular camp-life. Fires were kindled, a guard set, ammunition distributed, arms thoroughly cleaned and put in order. Every one was occupied. One of the men would have shot an ox for supper, but the Colonel decided that, although we were very hungry, an entire ox would be a great deal too much for sixteen rangers, however gastronymic. A calf with a broken leg was moaning in the bushes hard by, unable to move. I was called upon to decide whether a calf with a broken leg might be considered good to eat. Being myself both hungry and fond of veal, I decided that the swelled leg was not a disqualification, and two hours after was rewarded for my interested decision with a dish of fried brains, delicately peppered and salted, by a very gallant soldier, whose valor and *bonhomie* have made him always a favorite with his companions.

After a hearty supper around our camp-fires we selected places of repose for the night. Those who chose the lee side of the fires were protected from mosquitoes, and only a little stifled by the smoke; but the morning had well-nigh dawned before it was possible to sleep. I preferred keeping company with the sentries, who relieved each other every two hours. In the dead of night there was a calm upon the lake, not a breath stirring, and yet the air of the forest was alive with mysterious sounds. A continual leafy murmur came up from the ground, made by millions of moving insects. Bats of immense size glided silently to and fro; and some birds, of I know not what name, seemed to be talking to each other in sleepy converse among the branches. It was as though a great number of persons had been concealed in the thickets, and were continually whispering to each other. The embers of the fires sent up a ruddy glow, and around them the still forms of the bearded sleepers impressed forcibly upon the mind images and groupings dear to a Salvator or a Rembrandt. About two hours before daybreak I fell asleep on a bed or platform of reeds in one of the cottages, and was wakened at early dawn by a sound so exquisitely musical and delicious it seemed like a dream of angelic harmony. I dared not open my eyes, and lay motionless while it continued. Our native oarsmen were chanting the morning hymn to the Virgin; and, in the distance, the purity of the old music of the Church, sung with little art, but by a people whose souls and voices are naturally attuned for melodious worship, came with a peculiar influence, best appreciated in the dreamy interval between sleep and awakening.

The Colonel had sent two men up the south bank of the river, when we first arrived, to procure horses, if possible. They did not return until late the next day, having lost their way in the forest. Only two horses and a jackass could be found in the immediate vicinity, and these we converted into pack animals, resolving to push forward into the interior on foot.

The jack, a stout, thick-headed animal of "Caucasian" breed, had been attracted to our camp by a purely social impulse, and he paid the penalty of his weakness by being made to carry a heavy load. In that respect, however, he but resembled all *other* white men who had volunteered in the filibuster service. I had not a doubt that the jackass cursed himself inwardly for his folly in joining the filibusters; for from the time our box of ammunition was set upon his back and his belly divided into two lobes by the strap, he lost heart, and did not venture upon a bray.

THE MARCH.

The party took up their march through the forest about noontide; the jack and pack-horses following under a guard of three men. An Irishman, whom we called Curly for convenience, a gallant fellow and full of humor and passion, volunteered to drive the jack, and the first mile was illustrated by a running fight between the donkey and the Irishman, ending in a sudden subversion of the donkey's load, which, from being perched upon his back, took a dependent position under his belly. The rage and disgust of our Hibernian friend now reached its height, and with a shower of oaths he struck a pugilistic attitude in front of the long-eared philosopher, and gave him a scientific drubbing in the manner of Mr. Hyer.

The packs adjusted, with a few miles more of steady plodding along the winding and interrupted forest trail, we arrived, on the south bank of the river, at a plantation of corn and sugar-cane. From this point, called the Ford of Tabacal, parties of exploration were sent out in various directions to the farms and cattle estates of the vicinity, to bring in horses and mules, and to leave orders with the owners of grazing estates to send in each his quota of cattle to Mr. Walker at Granada. During the four days which we passed in this neighborhood waiting for horses, I had abundant leisure to observe and appreciate the beauties and natural resources of the Valley of the Malacatoya. The river was here a slow-moving stream with shallow pebbly rapids; the banks high and earthy, fastened and made solid by enormous trees.

NATIVE FARMS AND COTTAGES.

The plantations come nearly to the verge of the stream, and are invariably surrounded by heavy timber, choked with vines and underwood. Reed cottages, plastered with mud, are the only habitations. Near each cottage there is always a *corral*, or cattle-pen, of rails. Into this the cows are driven at daylight for milking, the entire family going out with pails made of the joint of a reed, or a section of wood laboriously hollowed out. The calf is caught with a lasso, and tied close to the left hind-leg of the cow, who allows herself to be robbed under the maternal hypothesis of being milked by her calf.

In these cottages, buried in the interior forests of Central America, I saw, in their unaltered simplicity, the manners of a people who have undergone no change of life or opinion for at least two centuries. They were as now, when the New England colonists landed on Plymouth Rock. Their costume and manners are intermediate between the Indian of primeval times and Spanish of the days of Ferdinand and Isabella. Their veneration—Romish, without the bitterness of Rome, and ignorant of all that has agitated and divided the European world—has the mildness of an undisturbed and diminished faith, in which only the charities and lesser superstitions remain.

THE RIVER.

We were hospitably entertained on one of the cattle ranches, by a lady of good family and nearly pure descent; one of the many thousands of the better class who fled from Granada and other cities of Nicaragua into the interior forests to escape the civilities of our distinguished filibuster. She had collected a little school of Indian and white children, and was dividing her time between the cares of the estate and the instruction of her pupils.

Picture to yourself an oasis of level land on the bank of a river, surrounded by towering forests, always green, odorous, and impassable; on one side a quiet stream, whose current hardly waved unless disturbed by the rising or the plunge of an alligator, or herds crossing the ford at sunset. On either bank vast solitary trees arose; the mahogany, the rifle or India-rubber tree, the American banyan, and others called *cedros*, with small shining leaves, towering to such heights they seemed to mingle with the clouds, and sending out long arms against the blue sky, over the water, as if in salutation to each other.

From these branches depended long vines, like cordage, and lizards of enormous size, called *iguanas*, lay sunning themselves on the larger limbs, or crept slowly out to the extreme masses of foliage. Birds of brilliant plumage—steel-colored, violet, and green—darted in and out of the undergrowth; some, small as butterflies, others, like the noisy larpas, flying large, flaming, and conspicuous, across the view. The great *congo*, the baboon of America, sounded his tiger-like and terrifying call in the depths of the forest. Companies of apes, stretching down from the saplings, peered at you with human visnomies, full of malice and curiosity. The entire air and soil seemed to be moving with the life of insects; and, to fill out the picture, I saw near the edge of the ford a group of straight-haired Indian girls, nude to the waist, beating the surface of the water with the white clothing which they washed in this primitive style. These gave rather the idea of a more perfect and remote seclusion. To me, floating idly in the canoe with one silent companion, it was an absolute and poetical solitude—a land of life indeed, but merely dreamy and ideal.

THE HATTO.

In the midst of the green oasis stood the cottage or *hatto*—a large and roomy structure; the walls composed of reeds, withe-fastened; a roof high-peaked and heavily thatched, doors mere wickets, the veranda of unhewn posts extending along three sides. Within, an interior divided by reed partitions gave six or seven rooms of good size, with earth floors. The furniture of these rooms was of a simple character, home-made, and with an air of great antiquity. At a little distance, adjoining the *corral* or cattle inclosure, stood other sheds or huts of inferior size and structure, occupied by the herdsmen and their families.

The food of this hamlet was suited to the occupation of its inhabitants: dried or jerked beef, usually roasted on the coals; plantains or bananas; the pressed and dried curd of milk; and for bread, the inevitable tortilla, which is a preparation of Indian corn boiled with ashes to remove the outer shell, bruised on a grinding-stone with water, made into thin cakes, and baked, or rather heated, on a dish of red ware, over the open fire.

THE NUN.

In this large and really wealthy establishment I saw no indications of luxury, but in all things comfort, perfect cleanliness, and abundance. Our hostess, a nun of St. Teresa, received us with a grave and dignified hospitality which commanded respect, and should have been for her a sure protection against injury or insult. For two days she entertained us, conducting the affairs of her school and household as though we were not present. Colonel C—— would not allow one of us to enter her house, and we were obliged to spread our blankets on hides which the *vaqueros* placed for us under the portico. Morning and evening the small voices of the children sounded the praise of the Creator, and of Maria, Mother of God.

THE PICTURE.

Looking one evening through the open wickets of the cottage, I saw a group of children of several ages, two of them beautiful in the extreme, the others swarthy and straight-haired. They stood singing with serious faces about their venerable instructress, whose conventual and aristocratic education had imparted a fine and placid intelligence to her face. They were chanting some portion of a prayer. The picture stood in the frame-work of the cottage door, shadowed by the low veranda, against a violet sky after sunset, nor did it fail, apart from the artistic sentiment, to move compassion for the fate of a people whose unprotected simplicity was being then crushed and trampled by harsh and desperate invaders. Two months later, this same cottage was rudely entered by a party of white men—I dare not say Americans—under the command of two officers of the filibuster army. The trunks of clothing and small hoarded treasures of the women were burst open and robbed, and the house itself despoiled of every thing that could be carried away. Had this gross and contemptible outrage been rigidly punished, it might have been passed over and forgotten; but I know not whether my readers will be more shocked or amused to learn, that a parcel of silver spoons and other valued trifles, taken from this hospitable nun, were placed in the Government safe at Granada, and exhibited to Colonel C——, by a very high officer of the civil department, as *trophies of the war*, and a portion of the returns of C—e—'s military expedition! The perpetrators of the meanness were among those who fell under Henningsen in Granada. Their excuse was, "that the woman from whom they were taken belonged to a Chomorristo family." It was but one of hundreds of similar robberies.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

THE CENT.—We have to acknowledge many esteemed favors from correspondents on this popular subject, and only regret that we are unable to make room for their insertion at length; but the inexorable destinies that preside over the Press are firm to their purposes, and we must content ourselves with culling a few notes from the stores before us.

1. *The Washington Cent.*—A gentleman who is master of the whole subject says: "I herewith transmit a little information that I have concerning the celebrated Washington cent. Before the Mint was established many copper pieces were issued by private individuals for a circulating medium, and among them, several had on the obverse the bust of Washington, with the date '1783.' There is one which has a bust on each side in military dress, but no date; but as these are looked upon as mere tokens by coin collectors, they are of no particular importance, and are quite common at the present day; if sought after, they can be obtained of any collector at a trifling cost. The genuine cent bears on the obverse a fine bust of Washington, in military dress, with the words, 'Washington, President, 1791;' on the reverse, an eagle with spread wings holding a scroll in his beak, with the words 'Unum E Pluribus.' In his talons an olive branch and a bundle of arrows; at the top, the words 'One Cent.' Stamped into the edge are the words 'United States of America.' There is another design very similar, but the coin is smaller; the eagle has his wings raised and the scroll removed from his mouth, and around the head are represented clouds with stars.

"Both of the above coins are very eagerly sought after by coin collectors, and sometimes, in order to obtain one, a very large price is paid—in fact, I know of an instance where one gentleman paid as high as forty dollars for a very fine one; ten, fifteen, and twenty dollars are often paid for them, but a great deal depends upon their perfection. There is also another coin which resembles both of the above, with the date '1792,' and of the same value, or nearly so."

2. *History of the "Old Red Cent."*—"The old red cent was proposed by Robert Morris, the great financier, in 1782, and was named by Thomas Jefferson two years later. Its regular coinage was commenced by our government soon after the establishment of the Mint in 1792, and has been continued annually up to the present time without intermission. The smallest number coined in any one year was in 1811, when but 249,595 were coined. The greatest number coined in any one year was in 1851, when 9,963,553 were coined. Altogether, between 1792 and 1856, there have been coined, according to the American Almanac for 1857, 157,220,631 pieces of copper. This includes, of course, the half cents that have been coined, but they have been so few in number as not to meet with general circulation. In 1856, for instance, 1,574,829 cents, valued at $15,748 29, were coined, and only 56,500 half cents, value, $282 50. The devices on the old cent have been, from time to time, changed or modified, chiefly in the figure of Liberty. At the commencement of the coinage, in 1793, the face of the coin bore the bust of Liberty—her tresses unbound and flowing free, evidently the French goddess, at that time in the ascendant. Behind this effigy was the Roman Cap of Liberty; over the head the legend 'Liberty;' and at the bottom of the coin the date of the issue. The reverse has continued unchanged through the whole sixty-three years. After 1797, the liberty-cap was omitted from the face of the coin. In 1808, for the first time, the head was surrounded by a constellation of thirteen stars, and the word 'Liberty' inserted in a fillet bound around the brow of the figure. In 1816, the flowing tresses were caught up and twisted behind, and the face becomes more Grecian in appearance. Three cents of the coinage of 1856, I find, will down-weigh four of the earliest coins. Whether this is to be attributed to the wear of the coins, or a change in the weight, I am unable to say."

3. *The New Cent.*—As might be expected, the design of this coin is much criticised, and generally with a feeling favorable to its utility and beauty. The Reverse, with the wreath composed of the chief agricultural products of the country, is at once elegant and characteristic, and meets with general approval. Not so with the Obverse. A gentleman to whom we are already indebted says of it: "The legend is as it should be, but the representation of an eagle is exceedingly poor in design—the short, chubby neck, the very broad wings, and the feet thrown back under its rudder or tail-feathers, seem to me to be out of proportion to the real bird for which it is intended. The design, with the exception of the beak, is not unlike the bird known as the whippoorwill, which, in the country, is often heard, but very rarely seen.

"If the neck was a trifle longer, and not so thick, the wings not so wide, and the feet drawn up closer to the body, I think it would be nearer the resemblance of our American eagle.

"But what has become of our national stars? Have they twinkled themselves out of our firmament—they that were held sacred as emblems of the old original thirteen States? The designers at the Mint appear to be deficient indeed of patriotic ideas. The bust of *Liberty* is removed, the stars have fled, and all that remains on the new cent is the legend—'United States of America;' and in place of the American eagle a fit monitor to remind us of our loss—the mournful bird the *whippoorwill*."

4. *What is a Decimal Currency?*—"Paul Pry" writes to us with a little of his old inquisitiveness:

"*Apropos* of cents and dimes, will some of the learned Thebans of a certain New York Society explain what they understand by a decimal, or decimal currency, and how it is that the three cent or three dollar coin is less perfectly decimal than the quarter eagle? Is the fraction three-tenths less pure than two-and-a-half-tenths, or twenty-five-hundredths? These geographical, or historical, or financial, certainly not mathematical, memorialists seem to think a four-fold proportion is more essentially decimal than one of ten-fold, which certainly strikes the writer as a novelty in notation. Without appealing to 'Michael Cassio, a great arithmetician,' the following extract from Webster's Dictionary may be commended, with all deference, to the consideration of the quadruple-decimalists.

"'Decimal. Numbered by ten. Increasing or diminishing by tens,' etc., etc.

"The Priests and Levites of the Hebrew theocracy, and the half dozen grades or orders of the hierarchy of England, might be glad to learn that tithes, tenths, or decimals, implied a division of halves or even quarters instead of tenths, but it does not appear that, for the purposes of symmetry, or for the uses of bipeds or quadrupeds, they have yet memorialized Parliament for the new definition.

"PAUL PRY."

N.B.—The coins of which P. P. has kindly sent us a drawing are not national cents, but were struck in or by the State of New Jersey, as the legend, "Nova Cæsarea," expresses—from "*Cæsarea*," the classical name of the island now called *Jersey*, in the British Channel. They exist for various dates from 1782 downward, and are not scarce.

For Notes and Queries.

BOSTON, *March*, 1857.

The accompanying charade, by the late Winthrop Mackworth Praed, appears in but one edition of his collected works, and has, as far as I am aware, never been solved. Perhaps one of your numerous readers will venture a solution.

D. R.

I graced Don Pedro's revelry,
All dressed in fire and feather,
When loveliness and chivalry
Were met to feast together;
He flung the slave who moved the lid
A purse of maravedis;
And this that gallant Spaniard did
For *me*, and for the ladies.

To ride through mountains, where my *First*
A banquet would be reckoned;
Through deserts, where, to quench their thirst,
Men vainly turn my *Second;*
To leave the gates of fair Madrid,
To dare the gates of Hades;
And this that gallant Spaniard did
For *me*, and for the ladies.

THE GREAT CIRCUMNAVIGATOR.—In 1775 George Colman, the dramatist, made a tour through the north of England. During a visit at Kirklantham Hall, the seat of Sir Charles Turner, near Gainsborough, he relates his meeting with an individual residing in a neat, comfortable cottage in the adjacent village, who excited much interest among the visitors at the Hall. "His looks were venerable from his great age, and his deportment was above that which is usually found among the lowly inhabitants of a hamlet. How he had acquired this air of superiority over his neighbors it is difficult to say, for his origin must

have been humble. His eightieth summer had nearly passed away, and only two or three years previously he had learned to read, that he might gratify a parent's pride and love by perusing his son's first voyage around the world. He was the father of Captain Cook! This anecdote was told us on the spot, and there are few touches of human nature more simply affecting."

THE FIRST ENGLISH ACTRESS.—It is scarcely possible to realize the fact (which nevertheless is most true) that the beautiful poetry of Shakspeare's Juliet and all his female characters was written for the mouths of men, and indeed that Shakspeare never saw a woman on the stage. It enhances to us the idea of his genius, that he could so completely raise himself above the level of the actual into the sphere of the imagination. The first woman who appeared on the English stage was a Mrs. Coleman, who represented Ianthe in Davenant's "Siege of Rhodes." This was in 1656, long after the poet's death. Up to that period men enacted the women's characters, dressed as such. Seven or eight years later *Pepys' Diary* shows how completely the novelty of the change was forgotten.

FOREIGN RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

THE JESUITS AS JOURNALISTS.—For a number of years the Jesuits have been paying particular attention to periodical literature. They share, it is true, the common opinion of the Catholic Church, that the great extension of periodical literature is an evil threatening to undermine the authority of the bishops and of the Church; but they understand, better than most of their Catholic brethren, the necessity of neutralizing the hostile influence of the leading papers of the age, by the creation of a Catholic Press. The admirable organization of the Order furnishes to it means and resources which no other association of literary men in the Roman Church can command. They can secure, with the greatest facility, contributors and correspondents in every country, and a unity of views in the editorial corps which other papers would strive in vain to obtain. But, notwithstanding these advantages, the efforts of the Order, in the line of periodical literature, are a signal failure. The ultra-Papal party in the Roman Church admires their periodicals as standard journals of Orthodoxy; no one values them, in a scientific point of view, as high as the leading Catholic reviews of Germany, France, England, and America. It is another proof of the undeniable fact, that Catholic literature is most developed where it is most exposed to the influence of Protestantism. It is the avowed design of the Jesuits to shut out this Protestant influence; and it needs not much observation to see the rising influence of the Jesuits in the Catholic literature followed by an increase of that decline from which so many of our Catholic contemporaries are suffering. The following are the papers edited, at present, by the Jesuit Order: the *Civilta Cattolica*, a bimonthly Review, published at Rome; the *Precis Historiques*, of Brussels, and the *Etudes de Theologie, de Philosophie et d'Histoire*, of Paris. The former enjoys the reputation of being the semi-official organ of the Roman Court.

PROTESTANTISM IN ITALY.—The *Buona Novella*, a Protestant paper of Turin, gives some interesting details on the spread of Protestantism in Sardinia:

In the first days of the last month I was called again to Alexandria, and had the sweet consolation to find myself in the presence of thirty well-disposed persons, who listened to my sermon with the greatest attention. In the village of Pica the work is going on well and peaceably. I preached to about thirty believers. I observed among my attentive hearers Mr. ——, one of the best-instructed men of the place, several counselors, and our dear brother, M——, who, for three years, has spoken and done so much for the propagation of the Gospel. We had among us Septuagenarians, several ladies, and some young men full of ardor to receive evangelical instruction. At —— the work is progressing but slowly. I spoke to several physicians, lawyers, notaries, and other persons of the higher classes, but found most of them to be open infidels. The one declares himself a materialist, another a pantheist, another a deist, another a fatalist. All profess friendly dispositions toward the evangelical Church, but they are not strong enough to leave the worship of the world. None of all the persons whom I meet believes in the Roman Church, which, on the contrary, is hated and detested. When I returned to Alexandria, I witnessed there an immense progress. We could not find a room spacious enough to contain all those who are desirous of attending evangelical worship. Many persons ask us to visit them frequently, and some brethren insist that a preacher be located here, and a place be procured that can hold four hundred persons, as the present room, which admits only one hundred and fifty, is entirely out of proportion to the rapidly increasing number of our regular hearers.

Similar reports on the advance of Protestantism are coming from all parts of Italy. In Sardinia, almost every town has the beginning of a Protestant congregation; in Tuscany, the number of professed Protestants is said to exceed ten thousand, and in the library of more than one country priest of Naples Bibles and Protestant tracts have been discovered. Sardinia has already a Protestant literature; and in the periodical press of Italy and Italian Switzerland, Protestantism has three representatives. Among the governments, Protestantism has but one friend—that of Sardinia—and its support seems lukewarm and of doubtful continuance. But such has been the influence of modern civilization, and the progress of public opinion in favor of toleration, that even Catholics are made to doubt whether Protestantism can be put down in the nineteenth century as it was in the sixteenth.

THE ROMAN INDEX.—The Roman Congregation, which is charged with pointing out and forbidding such works as are contrary to sound doctrine, has very recently condemned the works of one of the first Catholic philosophers in Europe, Dr. Günther, of Vienna. Günther was considered by Catholic Germany as one of the pillars of the Church. At a time when all German philosophy had Anti-Christian and Pantheistic tendencies, he was almost the only Catholic writer who showed himself able to fight it with philosophic weapons; and such was the thoroughness of his speculations, that Protestants and Catholics, Pantheists and Atheists, alike owned the force of his arguments. Recently, however, the Congregation of the Index has condemned the works of Günther as uncatholic. The most remarkable feature in this and like judgments of condemnation is this, that nearly all the members of the Congregation understand neither the science on which, nor the language in which, the condemned book is written. The papers have published the names of all the members who compose the Congregation, and there is not one among them who is known as a philosophic writer. The three German members have never written a line on philosophy. The great majority of the Congregation consists of Italian priests who do not understand German, and who have to found their decision on a translation whose correctness no competent authority warrants. "For a long time," says the *Gazette* of Augsburg, "no event has made so deep a sensation in the ecclesiastical circles of Austria. The whole school, consisting as it does, of faithful Catholics, will probably submit to the decision of Rome; but it will be difficult to heal the wound which the authors of this act, the Jesuits, have inflicted upon the Catholic Church."

INTOLERANCE IN SARDINIA.—We had well nigh come to the conclusion that religious liberty was a reality in Sardinia, when we were surprised and grieved at the following information taken from the *British Banner* of February 19: On the 22d of August last, an evangelical colporteur was arrested by the gendarmes in the province of Chablais, on the Sardinian bank of the Lake of Geneva. They searched his traveling-bag, and found several religious tracts, of which the following are the titles: "Why does your Curé Forbid your Reading the Bible?" "Visit to the Curé," "The Religion of Money," "The Portrait of Mary in Heaven," "Primitive Catholicism," "The Teachings of the Romish Church," "The Councils." The gendarmes carried them immediately to the magistrate of the province, named "Avocat Fiscal," who caused a prosecution to be instituted against the colporteur on the following charges: "For having circulated publications without special license; for having sold and distributed publications hostile to the religion of the State, and directly attacking the same." It is to be remarked on the case, that these publications have paid the Custom-house duties, and have been introduced in Savoy by the special license of the Sardinian Government. It is also to be remarked that the colporteur arrested is a commercial traveler of an evangelical bookselling firm established at Chambery. Notwithstanding this, after six months spent in information and inquiries, the affair was brought, on the fourth of February, before the provincial tribunal of Thonon. The accused not being able to appear on that day, he has been condemned by "default" to seven weeks' imprisonment, to a penalty of 1500f. (60*l*.), and to the expenses of the trial.

THE CHRISTIAN ALLIANCE is to meet this year in Berlin, and many of the first names of the Church in Germany are attached to the call. But we regret to know that a few strong men oppose the Alliance, among whom is Hengstenberg. But the Alliance gains ground, and may yet become the centre of union to the Protestant world.

PASTOR WICHERN, OF HAMBURG has just been called to Berlin by the King of Prussia, and made a member of the Government, and charged with three most important departments of religion, morals, and benevolence. Wichern became energetically pious about twenty years ago while at the University, and returning to Hamburg gave himself wholly to visiting, instructing, and reforming the most degraded portions of that truly wicked city. He is the founder and director of the Rauhen Haus, and has gathered around him those who, like himself, are willing to give themselves up to serve the poor and the wretched. The King of Prussia consents to his spending the summer in Hamburg to watch over his great and delicate work there; and requires him in Berlin during the winter. These are the *men* of the Church.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN TURKEY, we are glad to learn from our latest foreign papers, is becoming an accomplished fact. There are several Turkish families now in communion with the Protestant missions in Turkey, and they are permitted to live unmolested in the midst of their friends and relations. The Christian missions are evidently gaining ground rapidly in the midst of Mohammedans; and the Empire, considered as a Mohammedan power, is rapidly passing away. It must and will become Christian.

MISSION LOSSES IN CHINA.—Among the losses sustained by the burning of the foreign factories at Canton (says the *China Mail*) is to be regretted the irreparable one of Dr. Williams' printing establishment, including the large fonts of Chinese type with which Dr. Morrison's "Dictionary" was printed, and which had been presented to Dr. Williams by the English Government in 1844. Besides the types and presses, there was a large stock of books on hand, numbering in all over 10,000 volumes, and comprising the unsold copies of the "Chinese Repository," "Chinese Chrestomathy," "English-Chinese Vocabulary," "Phrase Book," "Premare's Notitia," etc.; in short, the remaining copies of nearly all the works which were issued during the twenty-four years the press has been in operation, and some of which will never be reprinted. Besides these, Dr. Hance's valuable collection of botanical works has been consumed.

THE WESLEYAN MISSIONARIES driven out of Canton, had opened their mission in Macao.

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

IT is suggested to use cranberry vines instead of box for garden borders. Without doubt, such a border could be perfected in the course of three years, so that each rod in length would yield annually about one peck of cranberries—worth at least one dollar for family use. The labor of keeping such a border in order would be incomparably less than is usually required on box, from which proceeds no product of any value. Those laying out borders this spring should make trial of the cranberry vines.

FOR early potatoes the Mammoth Nutmeg is the best. They mature early, are of good size, and appear to be less liable to rot than most other kinds. Potatoes should be planted early, even where only the *late* kinds are obtainable, as both early kinds and early-planted late kinds are less liable to the potato disease than the late planted.

IF potatoes are shriveled, as in the spring and early summer they are apt to be, lay them in cold water a while before cooking, avoiding unnecessary cutting or breaking of the skin. This will restore much of their plumpness. The water in which they are to be cooked should contain a little salt, should be boiling when first put in, and kept so till done, when they should be taken directly up.

FRUIT growers should clean the bark of fruit trees as early in spring as possible. In planting out young trees, cut off broken and bruised ends of roots and end of tap-root. Use a sharp knife and cut upward, so that the clean face of the cut when in the ground will be downward, or like the angle of the first cut of a quill on making a pen when held in the proper position for writing. Dig the holes large and replace the sub-soil with good surface mould (from the woods, if you can get it), and manure freely (cold manure). Many trees require lime and other substances. To succeed well in planting, do not let the roots come in immediate contact with the manure, nor bend the roots from their proper position; the hole must be large enough to receive them. Water freely until the tree is established; *keep* the bark clean and free from insects; trim properly and not unnecessarily, and cut down the tree as soon as you ascertain that the nurseryman has sold you a common quality of fruit.

Cuttings of grapes, gooseberry, and currants should be planted out as early as possible. If they have been kept in a moist place during winter, and are *plump* and well-conditioned, they will soon make roots. Grape cuttings should be planted two eyes out, and all cuttings should be partially shaded, or they will not take root with certainty. This is particularly true with the grape. Loosen the earth about the roots of grape vines and give them manures. Swamp-muck which has been decomposed by the salt and lime mixture, answers a good purpose. Whole bones buried near the roots of grape vines will soon be appropriated, and during the summer rest, a little potash-water will hurry up their action.

WHEN soap-boiling—for which this month is generally the chosen one with farmers' wives—if your soap does not come directly upon boiling, it is probably from one of two causes: too much carbonic acid in the lye, or too much lye and too strong. To remedy the first, it is always well, as a precautionary step, to put a little freshly-slacked lime in the bottom of the leach. Then, in case of an excess of acid, it will unite with the lime, forming an insoluble compound, the lye passing off prepared for its office.

If the lye is too strong, soft water and fresh grease may be added, according to judgment.

It is safest, however, to test the lye before boiling. If it will bear quite up or float a plump egg, it is too strong, and should be reduced with soft water. If the grease is old and in the rough state, stronger lye may be used, and a handful of salt added.

PILLS FOR THE DOCTORS.

A CELEBRATED scholar was once attacked by fever at a country inn. He was visited by two physicians; and one of them, supposing from the poverty of his appearance that he would not understand a foreign language, said to the other in Latin, "Let's try an experiment on this poor fellow." As soon as they were gone, the patient got out of bed, hurried on his clothes, scampered off as fast as he could, and was cured of his fever by his fright.

In England quite recently, a girl being attacked with typhus fever was sent to the hospital. A week afterward her brother was seized with the same disease, and was sent to the same institution. The nurses were helping him up the stairs at the hospital. On the way he was met by some persons who were descending with a coffin on their shoulders. The sick man inquired whose body they were removing, when one of the bearers inadvertently mentioned the girl's name. *It was his sister!* The brother, horror-struck, sprang from his conductors, dashed down stairs, out of the hospital gate, and never stopped running until he had reached home—a distance of twelve miles. He flung himself on the bed immediately, fell into a sound sleep, and awoke next morning entirely cured of illness.

The most beautiful instance, however, that we have met with, is one in which the cure depended on the combination of the pleasures of hope and of memory. Dr. Rush, when quite a young man, was educated in the country, in a very remote part of which he was in the habit of visiting, in company with a farmer's daughter, various scenes of beauty and sublimity, and among others, the nest of an eagle in a romantic situation. For some time these visits were very frequent. Rush afterward left the school and settled in Philadelphia, where he found his former associate a married woman. Many years after she had an attack of typhus fever, under which she lay in a complete state of insensibility, apparently lost to all surrounding objects. In this state, Rush, then a physician, was called to visit her. He took her by the hand, and said, with a strong and cheerful voice, "The Eagle's Nest!" The words revived an association of ideas comprehending the actions of her youth. She immediately grasped his hand, opened her eyes, and from that hour recovered rapidly.

M. Bontibouse served in Napoleon's army, and was present at many engagements during the early part of last century. At the battle of Wagram, in 1809, he was engaged in the fray; the ranks around him had been terribly thinned by shot, and at sunset he was nearly isolated. While reloading his musket he was shot down by a cannon-ball. His impression was that the ball had passed through his legs below his knees, separating them from the thighs, for he suddenly sank down, shortened, as he believed, to the extent of about a foot in measurement. The trunk of the body fell backward on the ground, and the senses were completely paralyzed by the shock. Thus he lay motionless among the dead and wounded during the rest of the night, not daring to move a muscle, lest the loss of blood should be fatally increased. He felt no pain, but this he attributed to the stunning effect of the shock to the brain and nervous system. At early dawn he was aroused by one of the medical staff, who came around to help the wounded.

"What's the matter with you, my good fellow?" said the surgeon.

"Ah! touch me tenderly," replied M. Bontibouse, "I beseech you; a cannon-ball has carried off my legs."

The surgeon examined the limbs referred to, and then giving him a shake said, with a joyous laugh,

"Get up with you, you have nothing the matter with you."

M. Bontibouse immediately sprang up in utter astonishment, and stood firmly on the legs he thought he had lost forever. "I felt more thankful," said M. Bontibouse, "than I had ever done in the whole course of my life before—I had not a wound about me. I had indeed been shot down by an immense cannon-ball; but instead of passing through the legs, as I firmly believed it had, the ball had passed under my feet, and had plowed a hole in the earth beneath at least a foot in depth, into which my feet suddenly sank, giving me the idea that I had been thus shortened by the loss of my legs."

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

ONE of our citizens was thus accosted by the landlord: "As every thing is on the rise, I feel it my duty to raise the rent." "Sir," said the tenant, "I feel duly grateful, for times are so hard that it is really impossible to raise it myself."

The author who was discovered in the act of robbing a bank has been released on the plea that —"he was only taking notes!"

A rival has risen in London to Mr. Spurgeon; and his admirers say "he has a voice quite as powerful." So the combatants in *Bombastes Furioso*:

"So have I heard on Afric's burning shore
A horrid lion give a horrid roar!"
"So have *I* heard on Afric's burning shore
Another lion give another roar;
And the first lion thought the last a bore."

They must sell very bad liquor in Maine, when they sell any, for an editor states that he had occasion to take some the other night, and he could not tell whether it was brandy or a torch-light procession going down his throat.

"What do you know of the defendant, Mr. Thompson? Do you consider him a good musician?" "On that point I wish to swear with great care. I do not wish to insinuate that Mr. Van Slopos is not a good musician; not at all. But I could not help observing—people will observe queer things at times—that after he commenced playing on the clarionet, a saw filer, who lived next door, left home, and has never since been heard of."

An Irishman was asked at dinner whether he would take some apple-pie. "Is it houlsome?" inquired Teddy. "To be sure it is; why isn't it?" "Because," said Teddy, "I once had an uncle that was killed with appleplexy, and sure enough I thought it was something of the same sort."

What is the difference between the labors of a farmer and a seamstress? The one gathers what he sows, and the other sews what she gathers. For wit that is only so-so.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* of May, 1774, is responsible for the following description of old Jacob Tonson, by Dryden:

With leering look, bull-faced, and freckled fair,
With two left legs, with Judas-colored hair,
And frowsy pores that taint the ambient air.

On Tonson's refusing to give Dryden the price he asked for his Virgil, the poet sent him the above, and added, "Tell the dog that he who wrote them can write more." Jacob sent the money.

Dr. Jewett, the temperance lecturer, says that a friend of his residing in Coventry, R. I., came into possession of the leaf of an account-book, on which a poor drunkard had been charged with a quart of gin a day for five successive days. On the night of the fifth day he died in a drunken fit; and the charge on the rum-seller's book for the sixth day was—"*To five yards cloth, for winding-sheet.*"

When the celebrated Dunning, afterward Lord Ashburton, was "stating law" to a jury in court, Lord Mansfield interrupted him by saying, "If *that* be law, I'll go home and burn my books." "My lord," replied Dunning, "you had better go home and *read* them."

(*Clever gent. to his friend.*) "How are ye, C——? Going to the surprise party, to-night?" (*Friend.*) "Well, don't know—Where is it?" (*Gent.*) "At *my house.*"

A deaf person, by watching the motion of a speaker's lips, can understand what one is saying. We have heard of a Quaker woman who was deaf, who used to go regularly to meetings, and, without hearing a single word, could report every thing

that was said. One Fast Day she came home without being able to give any account of the discourse. Her vision was injured; and when asked, in relation to the "exercise," she replied, "I can't tell any thing about it; I went to the meeting and forgot my spectacles."

A gentleman commenting the other day upon the report of the Senate Committee about the affairs of Trinity Church, observed that the church in question seems to prefer "whipping the devil round the stump" to "renouncing him and all his works," according to the regulations of their catechism.

An instrument called "Shaw's Garrote Signalizer," is advertised in the London *Times*, which, when in action, gives a sharp, loud report, and will strike a powerful blow at the same time. They can be carried in the pocket, and, the advertisement says, "are a sure defense against garroters."

"Stand aside, my little boy, I want to pass." "Don't call me a little boy, Sir; I have smoked and chewed these two years."

That was a very learned and thoughtful Mayor of Shrewsbury to whom Lord Mansfield remarked at dinner: "Your town appears very old." To which his honor the Mayor replied, "*It always was so, please your lordship.*"

"I am astonished at your honor's decision!" said a young lawyer to a judge who had decreed against him. "This remark can not be permitted," said the judge, "and an apology will be necessary on your part." "Permit me," said the senior counsel, "to offer an excuse for my young friend; he is new in these matters, and when he has practiced as long before your honor as I have, he will be astonished at nothing!"

"What do you intend by your expression?" "I wish to be understood in the most offensive sense." "That is no answer," was the reply, "for all who know you know that *you always* speak in an offensive sense."

Writers often multiply words in the vain attempt to make clear to others what is not clear to themselves.

"What's the use," asked a ragged fellow, "of a man's working himself to death to get a living?" And we respond to the inquiry, "What's the use?"

Patrick gave his testimony frankly in the late great riot case over in the Jerseys—"Be Jabers, the first man I see coming after me was two brickbats."

Lord Mansfield having once threatened to hold his court on Good Friday, to clear off arrears of business, much to the disgust of the lawyers, Sergeant David said to him that, if he did, "he would be the first judge who had sat on that day since Pontius Pilate." His lordship concluded to adjourn the court.

In Orange county, in this State, there are now living a man and his wife who have not spoken to each other for eight years. They often go to work together, sleep in one bed, take their meals at the same table, and show not the slightest anger toward each other. The only reason to be assigned for their obstinate and protracted silence, is that each is too proud to speak first.

Young Jones complained to his father-in-law of the temper and waywardness of his wife. "I'll cure her," said her father, "I'll cut her off with a shilling if she don't behave." Young Jones always *told* his father-in-law after that, "She's a model of a wife."

The other day, one of Widow B.'s admirers was complaining of the toothache. Mrs. B.'s smart boy immediately spoke up: "Well, Sir, why don't you do as ma does? She takes her teeth out, and puts 'em back whenever she wants 'em."

A gentleman of great wealth received from his nephew, who was his reputed heir, a splendid pheasant, to enjoy which he invited his friends to partake. The dinner was gay, but at the dessert one of the guests remarked that he had not tasted of the dainty bird. "Ah," said he, "to tell the truth, I was fearful that it might be poisoned, coming from my heir."

In the Lunatic Asylum at Utica, says the *Opal*, published there, Miss Dix passed through, and a younger daughter of our household, just started in her teens, made one of a cluster called together by the occasion:

GIRL. "Who was the lady whom we saw with the Doctor?"

LADY. "That was Miss Dix the philanthropist."

GIRL. "What is a philanthropist, please?"

LADY. "Philanthropist, my dear, is a word from two Greek words, signifying a lover of men."

GIRL. "Well then, are not all we women philanthropists?"

Many a school-girl might have been the author of these lines, if she had put her thoughts on paper:

I couldna get my lesson,
Wi' the book before my een,
For the thought o' canny Willie
Cam' bobbin' in between.

If the talent of ridicule were employed to laugh men out of vice and folly, it might be of some use to the world; but, instead of this, we find that it is generally made use of to laugh men out of virtue and good sense, by attacking every thing that is solemn and serious, decent and praiseworthy, in human life.

A celebrated physician boasting at dinner that he cured his own hams, one of his guests observed, "Doctor, I would a great deal sooner be your ham than your patient."

In a tavern in a small town sat a farmer, who was plagued and bantered by over a dozen guests who were present. "Well," said the farmer, at last, "I've got the best of all of you." "How so?" asked all. "In me you've only got one fool, while in you I've got over a dozen."

"Seek your own good," the millions cry,
"By doing good," the wise reply;
If to be happy you assay,
By making others so 's the way.

The foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of woman; the foundation of all political happiness is confidence in the integrity of man; and the foundation of all happiness, temporal and eternal—reliance on the goodness of God.

How many wives are responsible for the two thousand seven hundred and five failures which took place in the United States last year? If we were to go into domestic matters in that way, it might be proper to inquire how many wives are to have the credit of keeping up all the rest of the husbands who *didn't* fail?

A workman, who was employed in blasting at Halifax, while being wound up out of the hole, after he had lit the fuse, was suffered to slip back again. The man fell close upon the impending danger; and in the sudden view of almost certain death, fell on his knees in prayer. While praying a thought struck him; he drew out the fuse, and commenced swearing at the workmen at the top. Danger drives even bad men to prayer.

Babies are very useful at times. The other day at Chicago, a crowd was in the Marshal's office, where that good-natured official was selling wood to the poor. "Stand back, all of you, and let the woman with a baby have a chance!" The crowd complied; and again and again, woman after woman, each with a babe in her arms, kept pressing forward to the desk. The Marshal took it coolly for a while; but finally the infant began to assume a familiar look, and an examination was had, when it turned out that the mother was lending her baby to her acquaintances, to secure for them the immunities which she herself enjoyed.

A man in Monroe County, Ohio, who tried the experiment of walking through the snow five miles upon a wager, suffered very serious consequences from his fool-hardiness. After the first half mile he felt a burning sensation in his feet, which at first were very cold. After walking half the distance he lost control over his feet, and feeling of them, he found them frozen as hard as a stone. On walking over the floor, when he got home, his footsteps sounded as if he wore wooden shoes. He was expected to lose both of his feet.

A countryman, seeing a vessel heavily laden, and scarcely above the water's edge, exclaimed, "Upon my word, if the sea was a bit higher, the ship would go to the bottom!"

So bright the tear in beauty's eye,
Love half regrets to kiss it dry;
So sweet the blush of bashfulness,
Even pity scarce can wish it less.

The man who does not take a newspaper was in town yesterday. He brought his whole family in a two-horse wagon. He still believed that General Taylor was President; and wanted to know if the Mexicans were going to make peace with the United States, or how many pieces the United States would make of them.

A rich old maid died recently at Newton, New Hampshire, who left property to the value of nearly $40,000. She was all her lifetime getting ready to be married; and had stored up 182 sheets, 63 coverlets, 50 blankets, 27 beds with 1120 lbs. of feathers, 54 pillows, 43 handkerchiefs; while the whole amount of her wearing apparel did not exceed ten dollars in value.

Peter the First, King of Portugal, to restrain luxury and prevent the ruin of families, forbade his subjects to buy or sell any thing *on credit*. Cash payment was in all cases required; and for the second offense against this law the penalty was death. Peter was ahead of his times, and would be just the King we need.

Among the statistical facts elucidated by the sugar discussion is the statement that every man, woman, and child in the Union consumes, on an average, twenty-nine pounds of sugar a year.

The man who waited for an opportunity has gone on.

The man who was fired with patriotism has been put out.

The following order was received by an undertaker in the Bowery a short time since, from an afflicted widower living in Pearl Street: "Sir—mi wiaf ar ded and Wornts to be berried to morrur, At wunner klok. U noze ware to dig the Hole—by the syde of mi 2 uther wiafs—let it be deep!"

The Cleveland *Plaindealer* says: "An athletic specimen of a man from the Emerald Isle called into the counting-room of one of our River Street merchants, and there took off his hat to make his best bow. 'The top of the morning to ye, Misther P——! I've been told ye're in want o' help.' 'I've but little to do,' replied Mr. P——, with mercantile gravity. 'I'm the boy for ye's. It's but little I care about doin'—shure it's the money I'm afther!'"

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday Evening, March* 16, 1857.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have shown less activity and less buoyancy during the week. Breadstuffs have been freely offered at generally reduced prices, but the demand has lacked spirit, home dealers not purchasing more than they immediately needed, while shippers moved with great caution. Western Canal Flour has fallen to $6 00 @ $6 50 for ordinary to fancy, and $5 40 @ $8 50 for low to choice extra brands, per barrel. Superfine to extra Canadian is down to $6 20 @ $7 50; and mixed to extra Southern $6 50 @ $8 75, per barrel. No change in Rye Flour or Corn Meal. Wheat is lightly dealt in. Parties continue to disagree about prices. The supply is moderate, and consists, in the main, of undesirable lots. The nominal range is from $1 60 @ $1 80 for White, and $1 32 @ $1 58 for Red, per bushel. Corn is in fair supply and demand, closing at 72½ @ 73 c. for mixed Western in store; 71 @ 75 c. for mixed Southern; 70 @ 78 c. for new and old Yellow, and 72 @ 80 c. for White, per bushel. Oats are rather sparingly offered, and readily bring 51 @ 54 c. for Western; 48 @ 51 c. for State; 46 @ 49 c. for Jersey; and 43 @ 47 c. for Southern, per bushel. Barley is rare, and held at $1 25 @ $1 45 for ordinary to very choice, per bushel. Barley Malt commands $1 50 @ $1 55 per bushel. Rye is scarce and wanted at 88 @ 95 c. for Southern, Jersey, and Northern, per bushel. Cotton attracted less attention, and decreased in value early in the week, but closes with returning vigor and buoyancy. Middling Uplands leave off at 13¾ @ 13⅞ c.; do. Gulfs, at 13⅞ @ 14 c. per pound. Provisions have been pretty actively sought after, but at irregular prices. Mess Pork is now worth $24 00 @ $24 25, and prime do. $18 75 @ $19 00, per barrel. Free sales of Mess, for future delivery, were reported late in the week at quoted rates. Country Mess Beef is up to $12 00 @ $13 00; do. prime, $10 00 @ $11 00, per barrel; while Prime Mess Beef commands $22 00 @ $28 00 per tierce. Beef Hams sell at $22 00 @ $23 00 per barrel. Prime Lard, in barrels, closes at 14½ c. per pound. Groceries have been more inquired for, and all desirable lots of Coffee, Teas, Sugar, and Molasses have found buyers at full prices. Rice is in reduced supply and improved demand, closing at from $4 50 @ $5 37½ per 100 pounds—a decided rise in prices. Hay is plenty and dull at 85 c. @ $1 10, according to the quantity taken, per 100 pounds. Hops are brisker and firmer at from 7 @ 11 c., for last year's growth, per pound. Stock moderate. Other commodities exhibit no important changes.

The Cincinnati *Price Current* has issued its final statement of the Hog Slaughtering in the Western States during the season just closed. From the reports of the numbers of Hogs slaughtered, received from the various Pork-packing towns, we condense the following

Comparative Recapitulation:

	1855-6.	1856-7.
Ohio	633,697	483,048
Kentucky	428,334	349,212
Indiana	482,531	316,629
Illinois	481,258	363,202
Missouri	189,904	143,244
Iowa	172,378	165,322
Tennessee	62,400	42,811
Wisconsin	39,000	15,000
Grand total	2,489,502	1,818,468

Thus, it is shown the deficiency the past season, as compared with the preceding season, equals 671,034 Hogs, or about 27 per cent. From returns of the comparative weights received from 121 places, it appears that the total weight of similar numbers of Hogs, slaughtered and packed at these places each season, was as follows:

1855–6	261,621,260 pounds.
1856–7	243,146,440 pounds.
Deficiency	18,474,820 pounds.

Assuming this to be a fair indication of the comparative weight of the whole number packed, according to the returns, we place the falling off in weight at 7 per cent., which is slightly less than the above figures indicate. Adding this to the falling off in number, the total deficiency is swelled to 34 per cent., as compared with the business of the season of 1855–6. The crop, then, as compared with previous seasons, stands as follows:

34 per cent. less than that of	1855–6
6½ per cent. less than that of	1854–5
26½ per cent. less than that of	1853–4
4½ per cent, less than that of	1852–3

The number of Hogs sent forward to Eastern towns and cities, from Sept. 1st to Feb. 1st, was 562,750 last season, against 529,072 the preceding season.

Our Live Stock Market was freely supplied, and was less firm. The demand, however, was good. The week's receipts, according to returns from the principal markets, were 4016 Beeves, 337 Milch Cows, 665 Veal Calves, 9343 Sheep and Lambs, and 2385 Swine, against 2050 Beeves, 274 Milch Cows, 336 Veal Calves, 6472 Sheep and Lambs, and 521 Swine. The range of prices of Beeves at the Forty-fourth Street Market on Wednesday last was from 9 c., for the poorest, to 14 c. for premium cattle, the general average having been 11 c., or ½ c. per pound under that of the preceding week. Milch Cows, with their Calves at their sides, have been freely purchased at full rates. Veal Calves were more inquired for, and they advanced to 6 @ 8½ c., for fair to extra, per pound. Sheep and Lambs were readily taken at former quotations. Swine were less abundant and in good request, closing at 7½ @ 8 c. for live, and 9½ @ 10½ c. for dressed, per pound.

The Country Produce Markets were pretty well stocked with most articles throughout the week: and, with a fair inquiry from consumers, prices generally ruled firm.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, common to fair, per barrel	$2 50	@	$4 50
" good to extra, per barrel	$4 50	@	$6 00
" Dried, State, per pound	10½	@	11½
" " Southern, per pound	9	@	10
Cranberries, per barrel	$11 00	@	$13 00
Dried Peaches, per pound	17	@	19
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	$1 00	@	$1 50
Potatoes, per barrel	$1 75	@	$4 00
Onions, Red, per barrel	$2 50	@	$3 00
" Yellow, per barrel	$2 25	@	$2 50
" White, per barrel	$3 00	@	$4 00
" per 100 strings	$2 50	@	—
Washed Carrots, per barrel	$1 10	@	$1 25
Beets, per barrel	$1 75	@	$2 00
Parsnips, per barrel	$1 10	@	$1 30
Turnips, per barrel	37½	@	$1 00
Cabbages, per 100	$3 00	@	$6 00
Celery, per dozen	$1 00	@	$1 25
Garlic, per 100 bunches	$7 00	@	—
Butter, Western, per pound	15	@	23
" State, per pound	20	@	30
Cheese, State, per pound	12	@	13
Lard, per pound	14	@	15
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	18	@	19
Fowls, per pound	12	@	18
Ducks, Domestic, per pound	15	@	18
Turkeys, per pound	9	@	14
Geese, per pound	7½	@	10
Pigeons, per dozen	$1 50	@	$1 75
Quail, per dozen	$2 00	@	—
Partridges, per pair	62½	@	75
Prairie Hens, per pair	62½	@	75
Rabbits, per pair	31	@	37
Hares, per pair	50	@	62½
Venison, carcass, per pound	5½	@	7½
" saddle, per pound	8	@	10
Bear Meat, per pound	18	@	31

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday Evening, March* 16, 1857.

TRADE last week was active again, and the imports large. The figures of the movement at this port were:

	Exports.	Imports.
Week ending Mar. 14, 1857	$1,044,487	$5,065,712
Corresponding week, 1856	1,333,841	3,084,614
Decrease this year	$289,354	
Increase do.		$1,981,098

The gold export was larger this week than last, though not large enough to excite much remark; including a large parcel or parcels to the West Indies, it did not exceed three-quarters of a million. Toward the close of the week money showed some signs of closeness, and discounts were slightly dearer. Exchange on London ruled at 108 @ 108¼.

In Wall Street, the leading event of the week was the report of the Erie Railroad Company, which is construed unfavorably for the stock, as showing no prospect of a resumption of dividends, a large floating debt, and a diminished business. On the strength of this report, and likewise in consequence of rumors floating through the street in regard to the causes which led to the withdrawal of Mr. McCallum, the late Superintendent, a fall of from 4 to 5 per cent. was realized, and the general market sympathised. As compared with this day last week, stocks are two per cent. lower.

Accounts from Europe are puzzling by the fluctuations they record in money matters. One day the money market is reported easy, the next tight. Last accounts report a fall in Consols of nearly ¼ @ ½ per cent., a rather closer money market in London, but a gain of specie in the Banks of England and France, and more confidence in monetary circles.

The Secretary of the Treasury has advertised that he will continue to redeem until 1st of June next the public debt of the United States at 16 per cent. premium on the loan due in 1867 or 1868; 10 per cent. on the loan due in 1862, and 6 per cent. on the Texan Indemnity Stock. These premiums are in addition to the accrued interest. It was thought probable that the Secretary would increase the bid, as the market value of the stocks is higher than the Government price, but he has not considered it the policy of the Government to do so.

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